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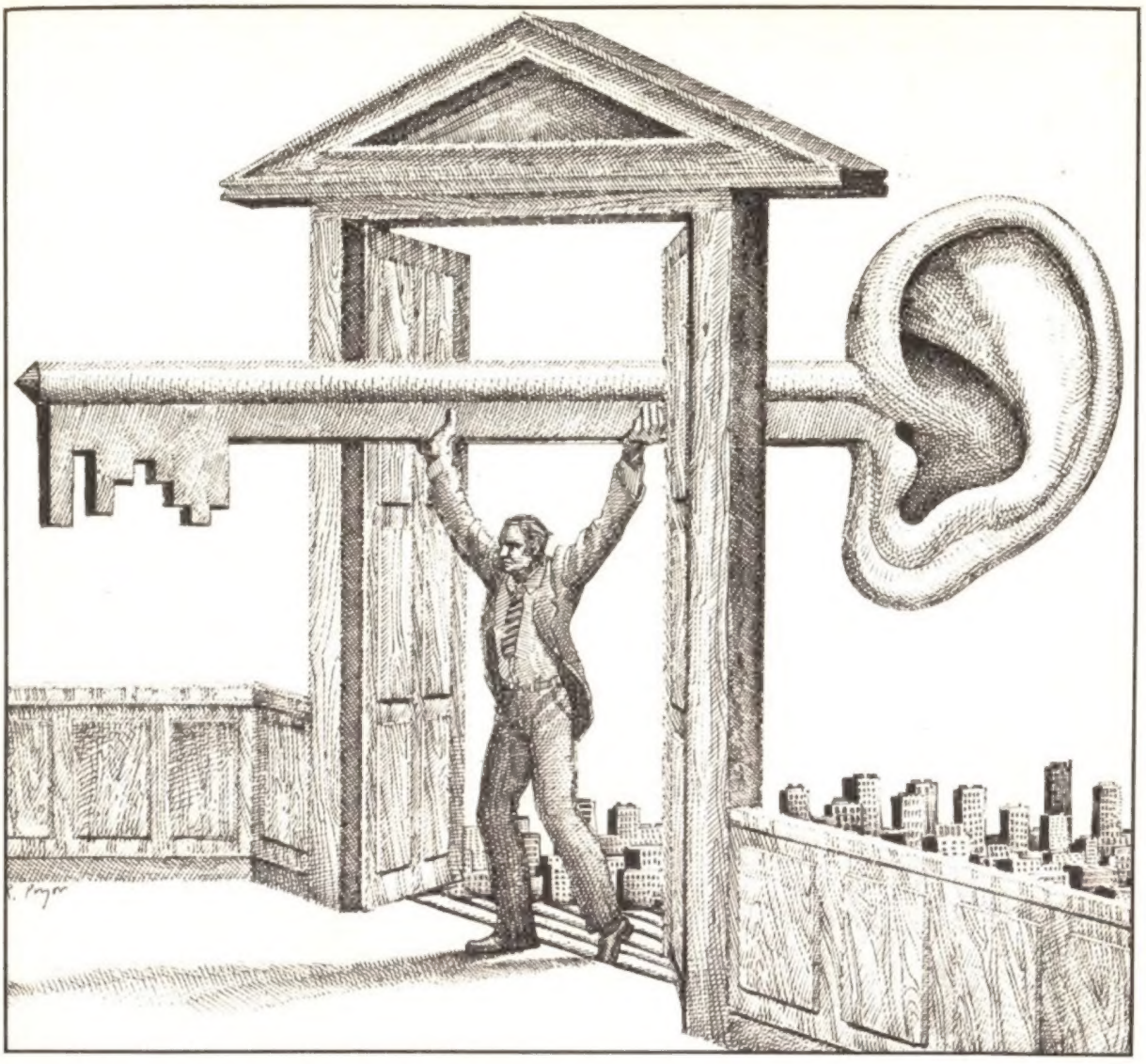

OPENING THE CLOSED DOORS OF JUSTICE

ATLANTA, Georgia—During the trial of a pornography king in Rome, Ga., the judge suddenly ordered the doors of justice shut on the public and their free press while he heard the testimony of a key witness.

Reporter Neil Craig of WXIA-TV, the Gannett television station in Atlanta, objected. He read into the record a statement of protest from The Gannett Card, a wallet-size card which equips all Gannett newsstaffers with a prepared plea for a hearing on any move to close a courtroom to the press or the public. This card also includes a reminder of the people's First Amendment rights to a free and unfettered press.

The next morning WXIA-TV sent its legal counsel from Atlanta to Rome by helicopter to back up Craig's protest. But before this attorney arrived, the judge reversed his decision and reopened the courtroom doors.

The quick use of The Gannett Card by reporters, coupled with the capable support of local counsel, has kept courtroom doors open to Gannett reporters in 11 of 15 cases in the five months following the U.S. Supreme Court decision in Gannett v. DePasquale. (This decision allowed courtroom doors to be closed in certain cases.) In the same five-month period, the national scoreboard on courtroom closings has been more frightening—only 42 of 107 were decided in favor of the people and their free press.

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Gannett

A World Of Different Voices Where Freedom Speaks

JANUARY 28, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 4 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Though TIME tries to plan its cover art in advance, breaking news and shifting deadlines can mean that our cover artists have barely a day to do their work. Fortunately, they are assisted in that task by Deputy Art Director Rudy Hoglund, whose deft hand with a preliminary sketch can sometimes make all the difference. Late last week the magazine's editors were meeting to change the cover story to this week's report on growing opposition to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Hoglund, who was sitting in for vacationing Art Director Walter Bernard, began sketching on his pad even as the editors talked. Within minutes, he had drawn a cover image to accompany the story. His inspiration was the Russian bear that had loomed pictorially over Iran, Pakistan and Afghanistan in a prescient cover he had designed last January for the "Crescent of Crisis." Says Hoglund: "Back then we were careful to make the bear look interested but not too threatening, no bared teeth. This time, I saw the bear reaching into Afghanistan, and there was no doubt about it—his paw had claws."

Hoglund, Johnson and the artist's muse

Hoglund, an art director for *More*, the now defunct journalism review, has done plenty of fast cover drafting since he joined TIME in 1977. "Disaster and late-breaking cover stories have a way of striking whenever Walter is away," he says. "First, the New York City blackout in 1977; next, the election of Pope John Paul I; then, the Jonestown massacre. Last March we joked that nuclear disaster would arrive during his next vacation, and, sure enough, that's when Three Mile Island happened."

In calmer times, when both are around, Bernard and Hoglund plan TIME's covers together, preparing separate sketches and then modifying each other's concepts. "We design differently," says Bernard. "Rudy never gives me a mirror image of what I am thinking." Once a cover idea is approved by the editors, an artist is commissioned to turn out the finished product. "Choosing the artist is easy," says Hoglund, "the problem is: Is he available, especially on an overnight assignment?" Hoglund found that "Crescent of Crisis" Artist Doug Johnson was committed to another project last week. But Johnson, who had been anticipating the return of his Soviet bear, found the prospect irresistible. "I postponed the other job," says the artist, "by telling them that 'a matter of national security had come up.' "

John a. Meyer

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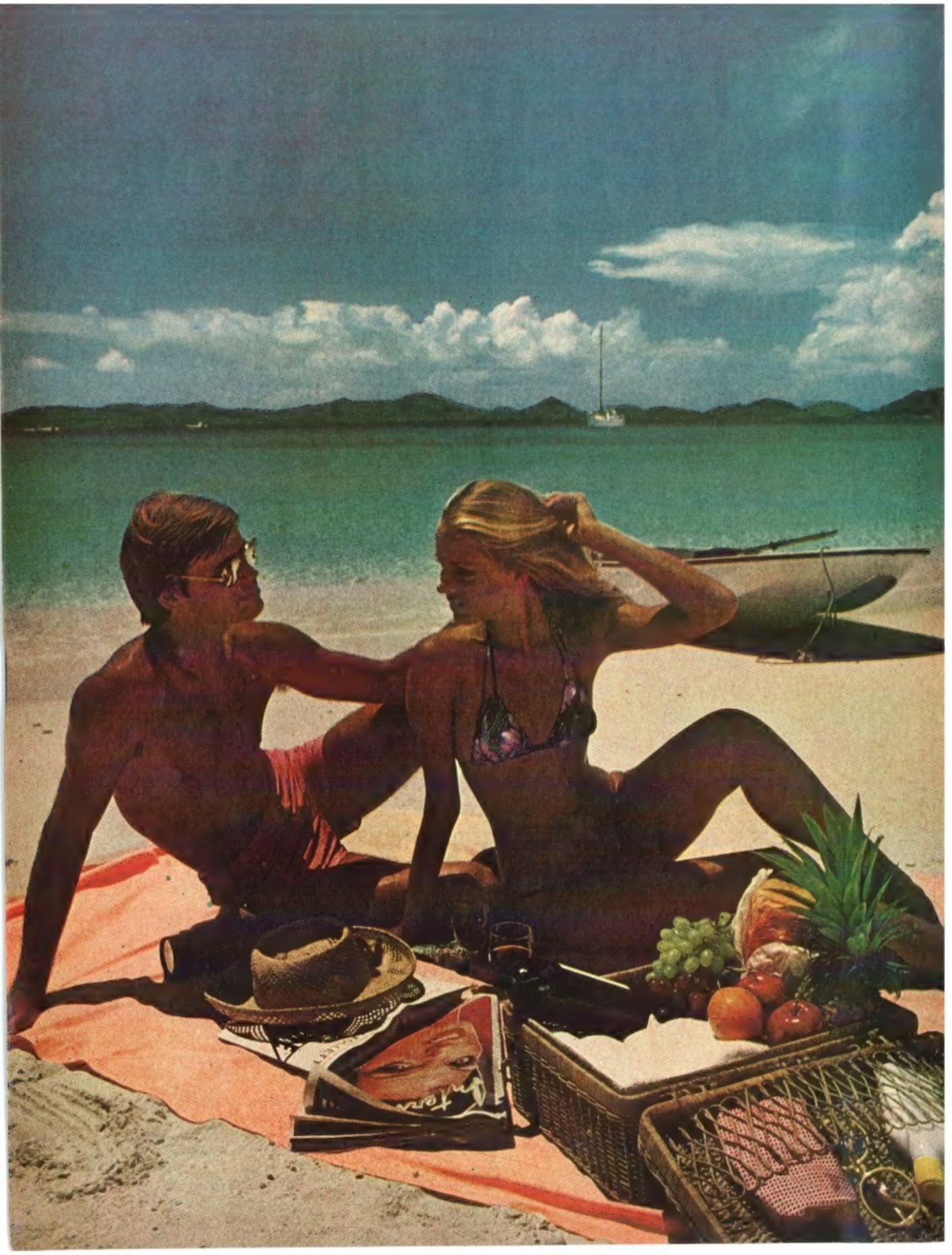

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Letters

Bear Hug

To the Editors:

TIME's cover of Jan. 15, 1979 (below), is just as timely for this year. The only change, distressingly enough, is that the contemplative Russian bear depicted there is now on the move: Afghanistan [Jan. 7] is caught between its jaws, and paw prints are discernible in Iran and elsewhere around the Persian Gulf. I dread to think what updating will be necessary for your cover a year from now.

Edward E. Plowman
Washington, D.C.

It looks as though we've just witnessed the birth of the Afghanistan S.S.R. And as in Budapest in 1956 and Prague in 1968, there is damn little that anyone can do about it.

Joseph W. Mosser
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

The Soviet Union is in Afghanistan because the U.S. is not in Iran.

Morris Kessler
Plantation, Fla.

Soviets in Afghanistan. Soviets in Cuba. Hostages in Iran. I'm tired of Carter's patience and idle threats. It's time we quit talking and kicked somebody.

Mike Stroud
St. Louis

The invasion of Afghanistan lays bare the basic untruths upon which the Soviet state is founded. It did not commit an act of war in the name of Communism. Nay, it did it for the lust of empire.

Michael Gold
Eugene, Ore.

What a pity you did not wait just a little longer to make your Man of the Year award. You could easily have chosen that friendly, honest and trustworthy Soviet fellow who ordered the invasion of Afghanistan, Leonid Brezhnev.

William R. Gregory
Rensselaer, N.Y.

PONTIAC TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

FIREBIRD vs. MAZDA RX 7 "S"

Some car enthusiasts think of Mazda RX 7 "S" as an economical, sporty import. If you're one of them, here's surprising news from Pontiac.

FIREBIRD OFFERS BETTER MILEAGE AND RANGE.

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Letters

Performance in the Pulpit

After a long decline, there does seem to be a renewal of interest in developing preaching skills [Dec. 31]. Many of us who came out of the seminaries in the 1950s thought there must be a better way to communicate the message, because preaching seemed to encourage passive congregations and ego-inflated ministers. Preparation and delivery of sermons got less effort than they deserved. Perhaps there is now a trend the other way.

I myself employed a speech instructor to work with me on my preaching after noticing that I was bored halfway through the sermon.

(The Rev.) C. Fred Jenkins, Stated Clerk
Presbytery of the Western Reserve
Cleveland

In spite of the admiration I have for the preachers you covered, I still feel the most important things happening in the Body of Christ today probably involve less well-known men and women of God, working in groups of fewer than 100.

Doug Norquist
St. Paul

As a member of an "unprogrammed" meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers), I wish your article on preaching had mentioned that many find God without the debatable aid of a hired vocal ministry.

William Cooper
Martinez, Calif.

Some believe that preaching is dead, others think it is dormant, many of us still believe that preaching can be decisive. Thanks for the lift!

(The Rev.) James M. Logan
Catalina Baptist Church
Tucson

A Paucity of Beauty

After reading your articles on art and art investing [Dec. 31], I find myself overwhelmed with rage. Michael Demarest finished his article lamenting "the scarcity of beautiful things."

A paucity of beauty can be blamed on nobody but ourselves. We are members of an age in which every item in a household is machine-made. There are many gifted artists among us today who need to be supported physically and emotionally. If the American public cannot support its artists, all it can expect is increasingly inflated prices for all artwork.

Ann Rodenkirk
Tucson

I would call what is going on in the art mart today "cultural exploitation" rather than a trend of collecting. Did you know that the U.S. ranks as the No. 1 exploiter of primitive art? Primitive art is the hottest thing on the market right now, and your article barely mentions it. The

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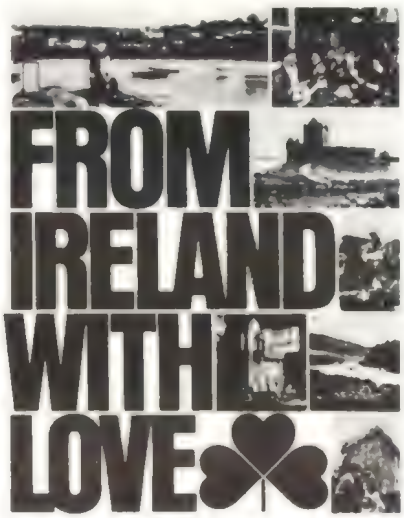

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Letters

Americans rob the Third World of their very rich cultural identity under the titles of art collector and art protector. However, like any other natural resource, there is a finite supply

Gail Kosloff
Framingham, Mass.

Since the IRS makes it worthwhile for the rich to benefit from purchasing art, the IRS also has a moral obligation to make it easier for artists to survive. The fact is that without the contribution of artists' creations, our lives would be very dull.

Ken S. Huang
Memphis

The whole world is so rotten with reverence for pelf, one is not surprised to see a work of art esteemed only for its cash value. In today's world economy, which resembles nothing so much as Goya's picture of Saturn eating his children, art is just one more object of sacrifice.

James Sullivan
Barre, Mass.

Küng's Ideas

Theologians like Hans Küng [Dec. 31] should have the candor to represent their 20th century rationalism as the discrete religion it is and not gratuitously attribute it to Jesus and the New Testament writers as their "real intent." Küng's human rights entitle him to freely expound his ideas as his own opinions. They do not allow him (or any of the rest of us) to falsely represent them as Roman Catholic doctrine.

Harry A. Hoffner Jr
Chicago

Küng has been walking a tightrope for years—attempting to remain a Catholic theologian while denying basic Catholic doctrine (*i.e.*, the divinity of Christ, papal infallibility, the sacrificial nature of the Mass, the efficacy of the priesthood). Küng himself gave the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith no choice

Robert L. Casteel II
Springfield, Mo.

As a serious scholar, Küng has never "denied outright" any doctrines "central to the Catholic faith," but has rather sought to critically examine and clarify them for his contemporaries. The real struggle is that between those in the hierarchy who seek to maintain rigid, male, celibate control over the "People of God" and those who seek genuine dialogue, reconciliation and a Christian ministry truly shared.

Edward C. Sellner
St. Paul

As Father Hans Küng and Father Edward Schillebeeckx have learned, the more the Catholic Church changes, the more it remains the same. Vatican II was supposed to give scope to intellectual free-

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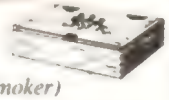

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Letters

dom, ecumenism and concern for human rights. Nevertheless, the marching orders for Catholics remain: Pray, pay, obey.

Maurice V. Moriarty
Inglewood, Calif.

Is Jane to Blame?

You condemn Mayor Byrne in your article on Chicago's woes [Dec. 31] and bemoan Mayor Daley's absence by stating that if he were there, the city wouldn't have all these problems. The truth is that these problems are exploding because Mayor Daley was there and he gave away the store with lucrative settlements to keep his machine running smoothly.

Lee E. Livermore
Danville, Ind.

TIME's fervent admiration for Daley's "knack of finessing problems that sooner or later went away" is either cynical or naive. His legacy of more than two decades includes the usual sweetheart deals, payoffs, public loafing and school financial mismanagement bordering on criminal, besides a panoply of extravagant, unbuildable public works and a sorry record of getting the federal share. Mayor Byrne was not elected to repeat the past and is not afraid to face the future.

Harry Weese
Chicago

Poor Chicagoans. With former Mayor Bilandic they worried about snow, with Byrne they worry about hot air.

Todd Fedoruk
Glover, Mo.

Textbook Censors

Apparently the Texas textbook critics, Norma and Mel Gabler, and their followers [Dec. 31] believe that by censoring certain words out of dictionaries, the things the words represent will cease to exist. It's a shame that they don't object to the words bigotry, starvation and war.

Samuel S. Roseman
Newton, N.J.

The Gablers are sticking up for what is great about America at a time when most people aren't, and I say more power to them.

Paul Phelp
Douglaston, N.Y.

I am surprised that the Gablers allow the American Revolution to be taught. Do they want impressionable kids to get the idea that a bunch of hotheads who think they know better than their rightful ruler are *good* guys?

Thomas N. Longstreth
Brooklandville, Md.

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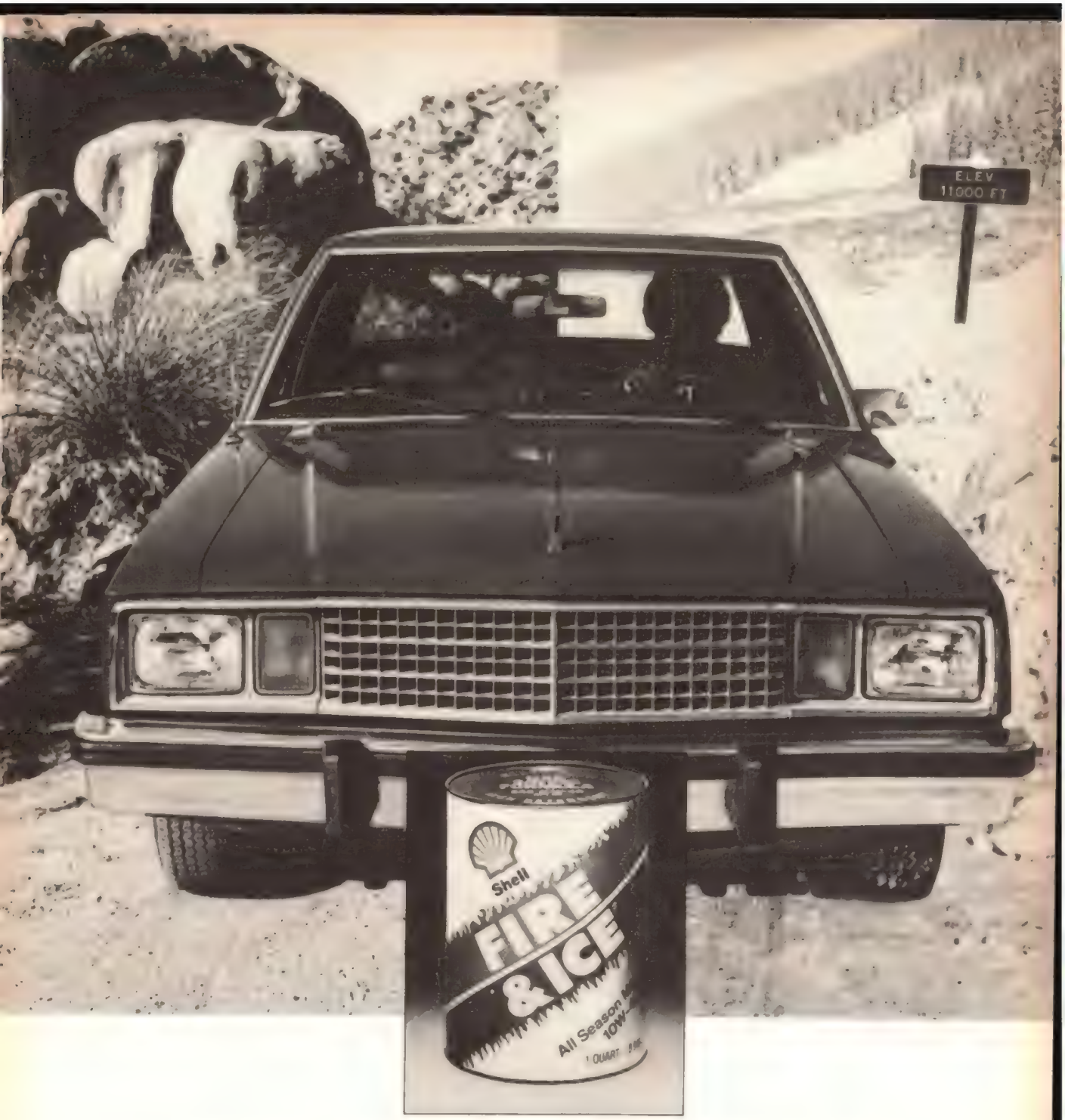

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TIME JAN. 28, 1980

COVER STORIES

Squeezing the Soviets

An angry Carter struggles to put new pressure on the Kremlin

Crossroads. Watershed. Turning point.

These are all terms being used by U.S. experts as they grope for some way to define and explain the momentous events that have suddenly engulfed the international arena. What is clear is that the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan has heightened world tensions to their most serious level since the Viet Nam War, and perhaps even before that.

Soviet forces continued to subjugate Afghanistan last week, and some crack units took up stations perilously close to the Iran and Pakistan borders. At the same time, a flotilla of five Soviet warships was spotted steaming through the Sea of Japan, apparently on its way to reinforce the Soviet fleet contingent in the Indian Ocean. No less worrisome were the medical bulletins from Belgrade, reporting on the rapidly deteriorating health of Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito, 87. Without Tito, who broke with the Kremlin in 1948, Yugoslavia might fall prey to internal conflicts that could inspire another Soviet intervention. This very specter seemed to rise last week with reports of troop movements inside the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe.

But another possibility was also rising: that the aggression by the men of the Kremlin is causing a global reaction of such force that it may halt or at least squeeze the voracious Soviet bear. Outrage mounted in the U.S., while at the United Nations the U.S.S.R. suffered a humiliating defeat in which it was abandoned by dozens of its Third World friends. By week's end it had become clear that, though the invasion of Afghanistan had stunned the world, the world's reaction had startled the Kremlin. A drive to boycott the Moscow Olympics was gathering momentum, and that would badly tarnish the sports spectacle on which Soviet leaders have been counting to gain a measure of international respectability. On Sunday Jimmy Carter announced that he had sent a message to the U.S. Olympic Committee proposing that the Games be moved, postponed or cancelled unless the Soviets withdrew from Afghanistan "within a month."

No one has been more intensely involved in the urgent task of analyzing and evaluating the new crisis and planning a counteroffensive than Carter. Instead of stumping through Iowa in a last-minute effort to woo supporters for this week's important Democratic Party caucuses, the President barely got out of the White House last week (34 members of his staff and family, however, campaigned extensively for him in Iowa). Believing that the world may be at a juncture from which a new global balance of power could emerge, Carter is determined that America must take the lead and chart a course into the suddenly uncertain and perilous future.

Throughout the week, he telephoned foreign leaders, conferred with his top advisers and with some of the nation's most experienced experts on international relations. Drawing on this counsel, the President drafted a major foreign policy speech that will, according to White House Press Secretary Jody Powell, examine "the implication of these crises for American policy at home and abroad." It will call for a sustained, long-term response to what the White House has increasingly come to regard as a major Soviet challenge.

This new formulation of U.S. foreign policy, which may become known to history as the "Carter doctrine," was to be unveiled Jan. 23 in a televised presidential address to a joint session of Congress. Carter's foreign policy speech would ordinarily be part of the State of the Union message. However, the domestic sections of the constitutionally required annual assessment were scheduled to be sent, in typescript, up to Capitol Hill two days before the speech. By thus splitting the State of the Union address, Carter left no doubt that his new top priorities are foreign policy and defense. This amounts to an almost total reversal of the stress on domestic issues that characterized last year's State of the Union speech.

Congress is expected to applaud nearly unanimously the President's shift in emphasis. As the legislators return to Washington from their month-long recess and the chance to meet with their constituents, they will be bringing with them some of the fire and resentment Americans feel over the Soviet aggression in Afghanistan and over Iran's abuse of the 50 U.S. hostages. Indeed, last week's New York *Times*–CBS News poll revealed that 67% of the respondents thought the U.S. should "get tougher in its dealings with the Russians"; only 53% felt this way in June 1978. Even more significant, a solid plurality believed, for the first time in two decades, that the U.S. is not spending enough money on defense needs.

This new mood, according to Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd of West Virginia, will affect the whole new session of Congress. For example, according to Byrd, the concern about the Soviet Union's expansionism could help to pass Carter's major energy bills and the windfall-profits tax on oil companies. It will also eliminate just about all opposition to a 5% increase in the Pentagon budget. "The Soviets took care of that—in Kabul," said Byrd. A senior Defense Department offcial agreed. Said he, beaming: "We're going to get all the money we now need. The Congress will throw it at us. Our

At breakfast meeting, Carter discusses crisis with aides (clockwise): Brzezinski, Cutler, Donovan, Jordan, Brown, Vance

problem will be to see that we spend it for the right things."

Round the globe, other nations were also anxiously reassessing the international situation in the wake of the Soviet move into Afghanistan. One nearly universal conclusion: the U.S.S.R. is an aggressor and must be so branded. All Washington's allies, though hesitant about joining the U.S. in retaliatory measures, sharply denounced the Soviet action. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said: "We cannot just stand back and see Russia do what they have done in Afghanistan." West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, in an address to the Bundestag, used some of his strongest language so far to condemn the Soviet aggression. He warned that it not only "directly affects the interests of the Third World and adjoining countries" but also "has an unavoidable effect on Europe and us in Germany." In Melbourne, Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser asserted that the Soviet action "poses dangers to world peace greater than any in the past 35 years." He called on the nations of the world "to show that a line can and will be drawn against Soviet expansion." Even Indira Gandhi, India's newly re-elected Prime Minister, who at first seemed to back the Soviet move, told a New Delhi press conference last week that no "country is justified in entering another country."

But the most startling manifestation of global outrage was last week's United Nations General Assembly vote on a resolution denouncing the Soviet invasion and calling for "the immediate, unconditional and total withdrawal of the foreign troops from Afghanistan." By the overwhelming ratio of 104 to 18 (with 30 either abstaining or absent), the resolution passed, handing Moscow its most serious U.N. setback since the 1956 condemnation of the Soviet invasion of Hungary. Dozens of Third World states that have long followed the Moscow line almost automatically on international affairs last week went on record against the U.S.S.R. Commented a senior West German official in Bonn: "That's the advantage of Afghanistan."

Despite all the talk in recent years about the world's having changed into a place with several centers of power, the dominant relationship still is that between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Thus it was to Washington that other nations were looking for leadership. The Administration was clearly angry. Even Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, whose penchant for using delicate diplomatic language is legendary, sounded stern. Said he: "The Soviet Union clearly crossed a threshold in its action." He warned that "they are going to have to pay a cost as long as their troops stay in Afghanistan. In addition, they are going to have to realize that this kind of action is going to be met by a firm and protracted response so that such adventures will not happen in the future."

But it was Carter who used almost every opportunity to blast the Kremlin. To a White House Conference on Small Business, for instance, he said that "we are outraged that . . . armed forces of the

Leonid Brezhnev (front right) with Politburo members at Supreme Soviet session

Blasting Washington as "outright hypocritical" and for telling "mountains of lies."

Soviet Union have launched a massive invasion of the small, nonaligned country of Afghanistan." Later, at a ceremony in which he gave 20 scientists the National Medal of Science, he lashed out at the Soviet Union for its lack of freedom. Declared Carter: "Even with its efforts to identify scientific talent early and to develop it, [the U.S.S.R.'s] repressive political system still stunts scientific progress."

Moscow responded with even more vitriol. In a statement to *Pravda*, Soviet Communist Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev accused Washington of launching "a shameless anti-Soviet campaign," being "outright hypocritical" and telling "mountains of lies" about the Soviet action in Afghanistan. Said the Kremlin's aging chief: "The impression is increasingly forming in the world of the U.S. as an absolutely unreliable partner in interstate ties, as a state whose leadership, prompted by some whim, caprice or emotional outbursts ... is capable at any moment of violating its international obligations."

As Carter worked on the speech that would provide his answers, he immersed himself in history, reading up especially on how previous Presidents and other world leaders had responded to similar crises. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski was in and out of Carter's private office as many as a dozen times daily, while Secretary Vance, according to an aide, just about "moved over to the White House." Other top aides served as sounding boards for the President's ideas, as did veteran foreign policy experts from outside the Administration, like Clark Clifford, the former Secretary of Defense, who has counseled every Democratic President since Harry Truman.

Voting board at U.N. General Assembly

Alternating with Carter's planning sessions came a series of actions designed to start mobilizing the nation and its friends in the face of the Soviet threat. Early in the week Carter played host to Spanish Premier Adolfo Suárez at a 90-minute working lunch in the Cabinet Room. The Spanish leader had flown to Washington specifically to demonstrate support of the U.S. during the Iranian and Afghan crises. On Wednesday, Carter huddled for half an hour with Egyptian Vice President Hosni Mubarak and examined the possibilities of regional cooperation to restrain possible Soviet advances in the Middle East. The two men also discussed Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's offer to provide U.S. military forces with facilities in Egypt.

To East Africa and the Middle East, Carter dispatched a new team of military experts, as a follow-up for an earlier group, to take a detailed second look at airfields and ports that might be used by U.S. troops during an emergency. Meanwhile, the President's special envoy for the Middle East, Sol Linowitz, prepared to depart for that troubled region this week to meet with the area's leaders.

The U.S. also dusted off a 1959 treaty with Pakistan, which declares that in the event of "aggression against Pakistan," the U.S. "will take such appropriate action, including the use of armed forces, as may be mutually agreed upon." In addition to reaffirming the U.S. commitment to Pakistan's security, Carter will soon ask Congress for $400 million in economic and military aid to Pakistan over the next two years.

On other fronts related to the new effort to squeeze the Soviets, White House staffers were about to begin talks with the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence on the CIA's new charter. Carter now wants the charter to relax some of the restrictions that impede covert operations. The CIA will be needed to play a key role in many potential anti-Soviet moves, such as supplying the Afghan rebels with arms. For this reason, the White House is also seeking repeal of a 1974 statute, passed near the height of the anti-CIA campaign on Capitol Hill, that requires the President to consult with eight separate congressional committees before ordering the agency to engage in secret operations overseas.

The success of the Administration's moves against the Soviets will depend in part on how much cooperation Washington gets from its allies. So far, however, their talk has been matched by very little action. After a hastily arranged four-day swing through Western Europe, Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher re-

Throughout the week, the White House was the scene of high-level consultations

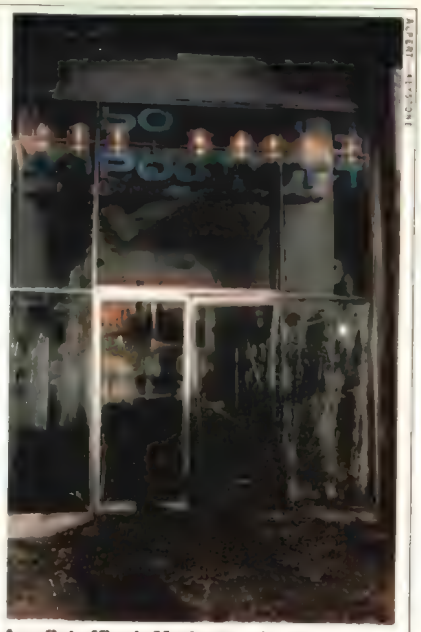
Chicago's Gene Sage pouring out vodka

Frustration leads to symbolic actions.

turned to Washington last week with just a few concrete promises. The nine-member European Economic Community pledged not to undermine the U.S. grain embargo against the Soviet Union, for example, but did not agree to reduce any of its own grain sales. Moreover, action on such commodities as poultry, pork and butter is only going to be "reviewed" by the allies, as is the possibility of more strictly limiting the sale of high-technology items to the Soviets. On the parallel matter of possible economic moves against Iran, each of the allies merely offered "to do what was possible to carry out the spirit of the sanctions."

Thus with the exception of the British, who have already declared themselves ready to take economic measures against both the U.S.S.R. and Iran, little other immediate help seems likely. West German Chancellor Schmidt even confirmed that he had no intention of delaying his long scheduled state visit to Moscow this March. Tokyo, too, seems ready to back the U.S. with little more than rhetoric, and even that is now being couched with traditional Japanese delicacy. Said Japanese Foreign Minister Saburo Okita last week about moves against Iran and Moscow: "All Japan can do is to express displeasure by taking appropriate measures. But such Japanese action would not, in any sense, be tantamount to rigid sanctions or retaliation." In fact, Japanese officials indicated that they would do little to impair their lucrative economic relations with either Iran or the U.S.S.R.

To explain Western Europe's excessive caution, Karl Kaiser, director of the West German Association of Foreign Affairs, stressed "a natural and inevitable difference in perception." He noted that "the U.S. is a world power and looks at the issue globally, while Western Europeans inherently are more concerned with the European situation." In Bonn's case, there is a legitimate fear that a drastic deterioration of East-West relations could



Aeroflot office in Manhattan after bombing

But the effect on Soviets is infinitesimal.

Who Needs Their Vodka?

At New York airports, traffic controllers and baggage handlers harass incoming flights of Aeroflot, the Soviet airline. In California, restaurants stop serving Russian or Iranian caviar, and in Chicago, Restaurateur Gene Sage publicly pours Russian vodka onto Lake Shore Drive.

These are a few indications of the national mood in the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. That mood, compounding the anger caused by the seizure of hostages in Iran, is unmistakably indignant, but it is also puzzled and frustrated. People feel injured in their national pride and yearn for tougher action. But they are not ready for war, and are unable to figure out what nonmilitary actions might impel the Soviets to pull out of Afghanistan or the Iranians to free the hostages. Kenneth Stein, an assistant professor of Middle Eastern history at Emory University, describes the feeling as "a sense of impotence and frustration."

Accordingly, citizens are venting their emotions in symbolic actions. Some are meant simply to express renewed patriotism. The American Savings & Loan Association of Florida has given out 80,000 free American flag lapel pins since it began running newspaper ads offering "to give you something that money can't buy: pride."

But the anger that Americans originally focused on Iran, while hardly forgotten, is mainly being directed against a new target: the Soviet Union. In New York, a man in a ski mask left a bomb at Aeroflot's Manhattan office Sunday night, Jan. 13; the explosion stunned three French passersby. At Long Island-MacArthur Airport, which handles radar controls for the area's three major airports, Controller Tony Maimone refused to guide an Aeroflot jet into Kennedy. Said he: "If I have to lose my job to show the Soviets that we won't be pushed around, it's worth it." At Kennedy baggage handlers, who belong to the Teamsters, refused to unload Aeroflot airliners, forcing Soviet management personnel to do the job. The Teamsters asserted that members would also withhold ground service for Aeroflot planes landing at Dulles International Airport near Washington.

Other citizens took out their rage on vodka and caviar. In San Francisco, Victor Bergeron, owner of the 20-restaurant Trader Vic's chain, sent a cable to all members forbidding them to buy or sell either product. Then he personally smashed his last six bottles of Stolichnaya vodka. The five Fairmont hotels throughout the country also announced that they will not stock Russian vodka, or caviar from the Soviet Union or Iran. Though no figures are available, the boycott will have little effect. Most vodka consumed in the U.S. is domestically distilled; the liquor from the Soviet Union sells in limited quantity at high prices.

In some cases citizens went beyond the Government in their expressions of anti-Soviet fury. Two weeks ago, the International Longshoremen's Association announced that its members would not load cargo aboard ships bound for the Soviet Union. Last week President Carter called I.L.A. President Thomas Gleason to the Oval Office and told him, "as your President and Commander in Chief," to "unclog the distribution system." Gleason promised no more than to discuss the request with his membership. But the Government itself is moving to cut down cultural exchanges; last week it made it known that it would cancel a Washington exhibition of artworks from the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad.

These outbursts of indignation may make the Americans displaying them feel better. But their probable effect on Soviet foreign policy is too infinitesimal to calculate.

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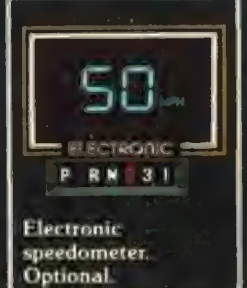

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create new pressures on West Berlin, make it more difficult for West Germans to visit relatives in East Germany, and lead to a cutoff of the steady repatriation from Poland and the U.S.S.R. of tens of thousands of ethnic Germans. There is also a compelling economic consideration: last year's West German–Soviet trade totaled $7.6 billion. As for Paris, it insists as usual that it will pursue its own policy toward Moscow rather than follow the U.S. lead. Declared French Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet: "France is not America's farmyard."

There is an irony to this lack of allied support. For some time, the West Europeans, and particularly Germany's Schmidt, have sharply criticized Carter for being soft and indecisive. But now that the President has begun acting like the leader of the West, key allies are balking. Said Schmidt to an aide: "Carter is running around, tightening here, tightening there, without knowing what the results will be, without stopping to think what the effects could be on Western Europe."

This allied passivity, some argue, may be an early form of "Finlandization." But whether it genuinely reflects popular attitudes is open to question. In fact, there were mounting signs last week that the West German and French public sided with the U.S. Said Political Scientist Pierre Hassner: "Public opinion is ahead here. The people are really taking these events seriously, and the governments of France and West Germany look as though they are clinging to old notions. They are out of touch with their people on this issue." Across the border, Frankfurt's respected *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* editorialized that "the question now is whether the friends and allies of the U.S. will show the required degree of solidarity, even if it is at their expense. At least an attempt must be made to contain Soviet arrogance."

Implicit in the process of forging a new approach to America's foreign relations is a scrutiny of the policies that have guided the Administration up to now. One unavoidable question: To what extent did Washington itself bring on the current crisis? Some experts charge that the Administration underestimated the Kremlin. They argue that Secretary of State Vance and his Soviet affairs specialist, Marshall Shulman, dismissed Soviet interference (either direct or with Cuban proxies) in Angola and Ethiopia as simply opportunities that were too tempting for Moscow to ignore. The long-range consequences of such moves would not necessarily be serious, the State Department often said, because the Soviets had on several occasions been expelled from countries they had seemed to be dominating. Chief examples: Egypt, Sudan and Somalia.

One of the most forceful critiques of such assessments of the Kremlin comes from Malcolm Toon, a recently retired career diplomat who served as U.S. Ambassador in Moscow for three years. Says he: "We have tended to shove aside our real perception of the Soviet threat. We have underestimated the competitive aspects of the relationship and overestimated the cooperative ones." He urges the U.S. to have no "illusions that the Soviets are, like us, interested in world peace and reducing tensions."

Apparently Toon was nudged out of his Moscow post last October because Washington was annoyed by his repeated warnings of potential Soviet aggression. He told TIME: "It seemed obvious to us in Moscow that the Soviets regarded Afghanistan in their vital interest and would move in with all their power to protect that interest." The State Department, however, asserts that Toon's cables called a Soviet invasion "very unlikely."

The Administration also might be faulted for sending unclear signals to Moscow and frequently changing direction. For example, Carter, in a major foreign policy speech at the U.S. Naval Academy in June 1978, simultaneously warned the Soviets of U.S. strength and appealed for compromise, leaving observers wondering whether he was waving a saber or an olive branch. The dovish stance he seemed to be taking when he canceled the B-1 supersonic bomber and indefinitely postponed production of the neutron warhead appeared to be contradicted by his approval of the MX mobile missile and his frequent denunciation of Soviet human rights violations. Part of the problem has been that Carter has been receiving almost diametrically conflicting advice from his two top foreign affairs aides, the generally conciliatory Vance and the relatively hard-line Brzezinski.

Many experts believe that Carter's zigzagging policy has confused, irritated and at times infuriated the Soviets. But it is also possible (and the two points are not contradictory) that the fumbling U.S. policy led Moscow to conclude that it might be able to take advantage of a President who appeared so unsure of himself.

Another element that may have contributed to the current crisis is the Administration's declining ability to use force. The steady drop in defense spending for almost the entire decade after 1966 has limited the President's capacity to deter or respond to Soviet adventurism. Similarly, the President has been deprived of considerable flexibility in pursuing policy because of the statutes, enacted in the

Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher answering reporters' questions in Paris

Advises one expert: "We need to get tough on our allies in addition to the Soviets."

Good Old Days

There once was a simpler way to deal with the Soviets, Senator Henry Jackson recalled last week—and it involved another Iran crisis. In 1946 the Soviets and British agreed to end their World War II occupation of Iran, but the Soviets reneged. They increased their forces and set up autonomous regimes in the northwestern provinces of Azerbaijan and Kurdistan.

In a little-known episode of nuclear diplomacy that Jackson said he had heard from Harry Truman, the President summoned Soviet Ambassador Andrei Gromyko to the White House. Truman told Gromyko that Soviet troops should evacuate Iran within 48 hours—or the U.S. would use the new superbomb that it alone possessed. " 'We're going to drop it on you,' " Jackson quoted Truman as saying. "They moved in 24 hours."

mid-1970s, that restrict his deployment of U.S. troops overseas and his covert use of intelligence agents. Indeed, the erosion of American strength is a fact that is now openly trumpeted by Moscow. A communiqué issued two weeks ago by the Kremlin at the conclusion of a visit by French Communist Party Boss Georges Marchais proclaimed: "The principal fact of the current world situation is the change in the balance of forces. That is a powerful encouragement for the development of the class struggles in the world."

Administration aides do not deny that mistakes have been made. But they stress the gains achieved by Carter, especially in the Middle East. Says White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan: "Imagine the position that our country would be in today in responding to the situation in Iran and Afghanistan if Egypt and Israel were headed toward another war. Or if we lacked a solid relationship with the Saudi Arabians. Or if we had not yet normalized our relations with the People's Republic of China." Still, the Soviet march into Afghanistan jolted Carter so badly that he seems to have recognized the inadequacy—even the inherent contradictions—of some of his previous policies. Tempting as it might have been last week, he indulged in no recriminations against those whose advice he had followed. There was too much work to be done on formulating a new policy toward the Soviet Union.

This new U.S. policy, like every other foreign policy, will be composed of a mixture of those instruments that influence the behavior of nations. The precise mix—running from reward to punishment, moral suasion to force—is what gives a policy its distinctive character. In international relations, the toughest instrument is, of course, armed might. With world tensions now running very high, the ability to apply force would appear to be an especially useful foreign policy instrument. Said a State Department official last week at Foggy Bottom: "There are no doves left in this building."

In confronting potential Soviet aggression, the key military consideration for the U.S. is the President's ability to dispatch well-equipped troops to endangered areas quickly. Carter would have great difficulty doing this today. Although the U.S. has a very powerful Army, Navy and Air Force, it actually is short of the ships and planes needed to transport large numbers of troops rapidly overseas. It also lacks sufficient quantities of ammunition, weapons, fuel and other battlefield supplies. It is to end these shortages that the Administration, after several years of delay, has asked Congress to move quickly to appropriate some $10 billion over the next five years for a Rapid Deployment Force. If Congress approves the new program, the first new forward-deployed supply vessels could be ready in 1983.

Massing before the Soviet embassy in Rome, protesters denounce the invasion of Afghanistan

The condemnation by an outraged world has been more than Moscow bargained for.

Before then the U.S. could attain the ability to fight at short notice in troubled areas by establishing new military bases overseas. Henry Kissinger has suggested that "in addition to whatever arms we give Pakistan, we ought to discuss with Pakistan the possibility of establishing some American air and maybe naval bases in that country." He feels that the presence of U.S. troops will reassure New Delhi that the military supplies that would be shipped to Pakistan would not be "suitable for a war of aggression against India."

The use of military force is almost always a last resort. Indeed, the main efforts of the nation's diplomats almost certainly would be to check Soviet expansion without having to order Americans into battle. There are a number of methods available. Among them:

▸ Washington could orchestrate a broad anti-Soviet diplomatic offensive. To sustain this, the U.S. would have to court much of the Third World assiduously, playing on its fears of Soviet aggression and stressing the advantages of friendship with the U.S. A major obstacle to forging such an anti-Soviet front in the Third World, however, is the still volatile Arab-Israeli situation. Especially troublesome has been the inability, so far, of Egypt and Israel to agree on a formula that would grant Palestinians in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip the autonomy mandated by the Camp David accords. Says former Under Secretary of State George Ball: "As long as that West Bank thing continues to fester, there isn't a chance of our having decent relations with the states in the Middle East."

▸ Washington could mount economic pressure on the Soviet bloc. Says Harvard Soviet Expert Adam Ulam: "We might stop helping the East European clients of Russia and thereby put more pressure on the Soviet economy." In his memoirs, Kissinger noted that the West has never seriously tested whether the Soviets would prefer economic development to foreign adventures. For such a policy to have impact, however, the NATO allies would have to cooperate on economic measures to an unprecedented extent.

▸ Washington could further cement its ties to Peking in order to create new uncertainties on the U.S.S.R.'s eastern border. During his visit to China earlier this month, Defense Secretary Harold Brown pointedly stated that Moscow's new aggression could prompt the U.S. and China to coordinate their military as well as their diplomatic response to the Soviet threat. Indeed, Washington is already buzzing privately with some talk of a U.S.-Chinese military tie. Congress seems ready, moreover, to grant Peking most-favored-nation trade privileges.

The Soviets may have invaded Afghanistan because they thought the risks were small, and they may have been startled and dismayed by the world's strong reaction. In light of the past week's events, however, it is just about impossible to imagine the Kremlin misreading the mood of the Administration and the nation.

Jimmy Carter not only is angry but intends to stay that way, according to his White House aides. Says one: "Even if the Soviets get out of Afghanistan quickly, he wants to keep many of these punitive measures in place for a long time." Indeed, even a withdrawal of the Soviet invading force, which would presumably occur only after the imposition of total Soviet authority, would neither erase the original aggression nor make the U.S.S.R.'s jittery neighbors rest any easier. A re-establishment of stability in Southwest Asia can only come from a sustained effort by the U.S., its allies and other concerned states. For this, Jimmy Carter must take the lead—something he now seems ready to do. ■

Olympics: To Go or Not to Go

The U.S. weighs hitting Moscow where it would really hurt

In Moscow last week, truck after truck rolled to a stop outside the new press building near the Foreign Ministry, and fur-hatted workers unloaded crates of telephone and telex equipment. A mile north of the Kremlin, electricians toiled in the Olimpiisky Sports Center, which will be the largest covered stadium in Europe. Near by, other workers rushed to finish a huge swimming arena. In classrooms and auditoriums all over Moscow, some 200,000 prospective tour guides, waiters and other staffers continued learning foreign languages and the foibles of the 300,000 tourists who are expected at this summer's Olympic Games.

Thus, as far as Soviet officials were concerned, the Games were still on. But around the world there was a growing debate among diplomats, Olympic officials, champion athletes, politicians and sports fans over the Carter Administration's proposal that the Games be moved to another country, postponed or boycotted to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The Soviets reacted with anger. Said one editor about Carter: "He is going too far. This has nothing to do with Afghanistan. It is America's pure anti-Sovietism coming out again."

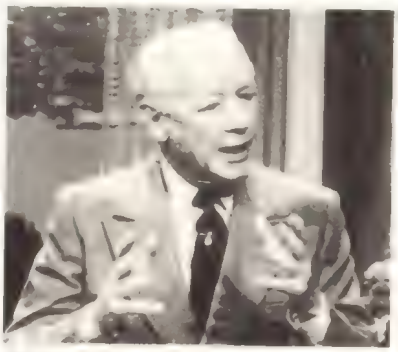
The fact is that there is probably no single action short of war that would punish Moscow more than to have the Olympics taken away or spoiled. As the first Communist country to play host to the modern Games in their 84-year history, the U.S.S.R. is determined to turn them into a model show. Over the past three years, the Soviets have spent, by their official figures, $375 million in preparation for the Olympics, including the construction of 99 arenas, dormitories and other buildings. The Moscow Olympics are meant to be a monument to the Soviets' self-esteem, an extravaganza of self-congratulation that in a way betrays their profound insecurities. With so tempting a target, the Carter Administration last week was doing some purposeful sighting. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance announced a mid-February deadline for a Soviet pullout from Afghanistan if the Games are to go on as scheduled. Appearing on NBC's *Meet the Press*, the President said that he had asked the U.S. Olympic Committee to boycott the summer Games or move the Olympics to another city unless the Soviets withdrew from Afghanistan by the February deadline. Said Carter: "Neither I nor the American people will support sending the American team to Moscow while Soviet troops are in Afghanistan."

Only the International Olympic Committee can make the decision to move the Games. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, who at the President's behest sounded out NATO members about shifting the Games, found them cool to the idea. Said French Minister of Youth and Sports Jean-Pierre Soisson: "The Olympics are a sporting event, not a political affair." That, of course, is not true. The Olympics long ago became politicized, with authoritarian societies like Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union sparing no effort to train their athletes—all in the hopes of piling up gold medals as proof of the superiority of their political systems.

The only exception in Europe was Great Britain, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, appearing before the House of Commons, endorsed a shift of the Games. More than 100 members of Parliament signed motions urging the I.O.C. to move the Olympiad.

For its part, the I.O.C. is adamantly opposed to moving the Games. "It's Moscow or nowhere," said Lord Killanin, an Irish peer who has served as president of the I.O.C. since 1972. Killanin argued that it would be "virtually physically impossible" to shift the Games to another site, and that in any case the I.O.C. is obligated to fulfill its 1974 contract with the Soviet Union for the Moscow Games. U.S. officials nonetheless plan to ask the I.O.C. to take up the question of moving the Summer Games at its next scheduled meeting, at Lake Placid, N.Y., early next month. But the request will almost certainly be turned down. Said a top I.O.C. official: "Those who believe that there will be no Moscow Games are the victims of wishful thinking. So far, all our national committees are against [any change]."

International Olympic President Lord Killanin



U.S. Olympic President Robert Kane

"It's Moscow or nowhere."

As an alternative, Christopher talked with NATO members about boycotting the Moscow Games. To muster support for a boycott, U.S. officials have suggested holding an alternate set of games, a sort of "Free World Olympics" in which nations boycotting the Moscow Games would compete. This would enable athletes from the U.S. and other nations who have been training for years to take part in an international contest, though obviously not one carrying the historic prestige of an Olympiad.

The boycott idea proved unpopular with most governments. The Netherlands, however, has stopped funding its Olympic teams, and Canada has expressed strong interest in a boycott.

On Sunday Carter said that he opposed U.S. participation in the Games "regardless of what other nations do." In theory, an American boycott decision would rest with the U.S. Olympic Committee. But the President's call for a withdrawal, which will probably be backed by Congress, will be difficult for the U.S.O.C. to reject. Its leaders are naturally

upset at such a prospect. Said Robert Kane, 67, president of the U.S.O.C. since 1977: "I do not favor the concept of a boycott at all. The Games do not belong to the Soviet Union. They belong to the International Olympic Committee. To boycott the Games would be to show disloyalty to the organization to which we belong and to the Olympics." Moreover, said Kane, "a unilateral boycott would not be very effective." Not, perhaps, in halting the Games, but certainly in robbing the medals of much of their validity and prestige in sports where the U.S. would have been strong.

Last week Kane met with Vance and White House aides in Washington and repeated the U.S.O.C.'s strong opposition to a boycott. If the President did request one, Kane announced later, the U.S.O.C. would poll prospective team members before making a decision. Many champion athletes in the U.S. oppose a boycott. Said Al Feuerbach, 32, of San Jose, Calif., a shot putter who finished fourth in the 1976 Olympics: "I am 100% opposed to any pullout, for any reason. We make the sacrifice, we pay our own way, we're not connected to the Government. It's not their life dream that's being tampered with." Added Mark Belger, 23, who specializes in the 800-meter run: "We are being exploited to the fullest extent. Exploitation is taking away the right to run in the Olympics after working with that objective in mind for years." Agreed a former Olympic star, Bob Mathias, 49, of Colorado Springs, Colo., who won gold medals in the decathlon in 1948 and 1952: "Our people want to go to Moscow to beat the hell out of those guys and tell them face to face what's wrong with them."

But many other athletes would reluctantly boycott Moscow if asked to do so by the President. Said Craig Masback, 24, of White Plains, N.Y., one of the world's fastest milers: "As an athlete, I am very frustrated and disappointed. But I am also well aware of what an important political tool the Olympic Games represent, not only to the Soviet Union but to the entire Eastern bloc. Our boycotting the Games would be both valid and effective."

Dwight Stones, 26, a high jumper from Long Beach, Calif., who won bronze medals at both the 1972 and 1976 Games, thinks the U.S. should take more immediate action. Said he: "Why not bar the Soviet Union from coming here for the Winter Games?" Said Bill Toomey, 41, who won a gold medal in the decathlon in the 1968 Games: "We would be naive to place track and field ahead of world events. Sports cannot live outside reality." Last week the Muhammad Ali Amateur Sports Club in Santa Monica, Calif., decided not to wait for the White House and announced its own boycott. The group, consisting of 32 athletes, agreed to the move after listening to an emotional speech by Ali. At least half a dozen club members —including Sprinter Houston McTear and Hurdler Greg Foster—were considered top Olympic contenders.

Inside Moscow's Druzhba Hall, the volleyball arena built for the 1980 Games

Few acts would punish the Soviet Union so much as spoiling its Olympiad.

An American boycott of the Moscow Games would mean millions of dollars in losses for dozens of U.S. companies. NBC, for example, has paid the Soviets $87 million for the television rights and plans to broadcast more than 150 hours of the Games this summer. If the U.S. withdraws, NBC has decided not to cover the Games at all. Though the network would recover almost all of the fee from its insurance company, it would lose expected advertising revenues, as well as its best chance of getting out of last place in the network ratings.

Merchandising rights for the 1980 Olympics in the Western Hemisphere are owned by Stanford Blum, president of Image Factory Sports, Inc., in Los Angeles. He has sold licenses to 58 companies to market Olympic trinkets, ranging from stuffed Misha bears (the official symbol of the Games) to pajamas and key chains. Because of the possible U.S. boycott, many retail stores have stopped ordering the souvenirs, and production has halted on some items. For example, US Americans, a firm based in Los Angeles, is stuck with an order of 15.5 million plain drinking glasses; until the boycott issue is resolved, the company does not dare follow through on plans to imprint the Moscow Games insignia on them. Groused Blum: "The sales being blown away are between $50 million and $100 million. Premium promotions are hurting because companies don't want to be identified with things that have 'Moscow' written on them." Whatever happens, Blum will not look to Moscow for a refund. Said he, with a shrug: "The Soviets will simply say, 'It isn't our fault.' "

About 11,000 Americans who have paid deposits for trips to the Moscow Games are no doubt worrying about refunds in the event of a U.S. boycott. All travel arrangements are being handled by the Russian Travel Bureau—Olympic Travel, a U.S.-owned firm based in New York City. According to its president, E. Wallace Lawrence, some of the deposit money has already been sent on to the Soviet Union. If the U.S. withdraws from the Games and tourists cancel their reservations, Lawrence will attempt to negotiate reimbursements with Moscow; in any case, he promises to refund any funds still in the U.S.

The Kremlin is counting on the I.O.C. to hold firm and keep the Games in Moscow. Soviet officials argue that, since the U.S.S.R. has fulfilled its agreement with the I.O.C., there is no reason for moving the Games elsewhere. The Kremlin expects some athletes to withdraw, but as individuals and not as entire national teams. If nations do boycott the Games, Moscow is determined to go on with the Olympiad. Four years later, however, it might pay back the U.S. by boycotting the Summer Games scheduled for Los Angeles.

If so, the Olympic movement might be mortally wounded. Said Kane: "There would no longer be Olympic Games. They would not be a global enterprise any more." On the other hand, the threat of boycott revived an old suggestion: that the Games be permanently located in a small country, thus making them less vulnerable to the pressures of high-powered international politics. President Carter favors this step. He believes that the most logical site would be Greece, where the Olympic torch first flickered in 776 B.C. ■

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"Wrongheaded and Unjustified"

At the U.N. the Third World rises up against a false friend

The climax was almost preordained, and yet it came with surprising speed. After four days of debate had passed and 74 delegates had followed each other to the speaker's podium of the United Nations General Assembly, it was now time to vote. The Assembly's Tanzanian president, Salim Ahmed Salim, invited the 152 delegations to record their votes on two electronic boards behind the rostrum. The boards suddenly lit up as the delegates pushed the buttons at their desks—green for yes, red for no, amber for abstention. After just three minutes, Salim coolly revealed the outcome: 104 votes in favor, 18 against, 18 abstentions. "The draft resolution is therefore adopted," he declared.

In the crowded chamber that had witnessed such historic events as Soviet shoe banging and papal appeals for peace, there was no perceptible change in the low buzz of conversation. But everyone there knew that the Soviet Union had just been publicly rebuked by those nations of the world that it had professed to champion. It was Moscow's most spectacular diplomatic humiliation since the U.N. condemnation of the invasion of Hungary in 1956.

Though the Soviet Union was not mentioned by name, the resolution just passed by a lopsided vote of more than 5 to 1 was an outright condemnation of Moscow's invasion of Afghanistan. The "armed intervention," it said, was "inconsistent" with the U.N. principle of the "sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of every state." It thus demanded "the immediate, unconditional and total withdrawal of the foreign troops from Afghanistan" and called on U.N. members and international relief organizations to help all Afghan refugees. The last of the resolution's eight points required the Security Council to "consider ways and means" to help enforce the resolution.

For Oleg Troyanovsky, 60, Moscow's representative at the U.N. since 1976 and only the seventh Soviet ambassador there in 35 years, the vote was a galling blow. It followed by a bare week his own application of the Soviet veto to an almost identically worded resolution during a 13 to 2 vote in the Security Council. Only a day before the Afghan resolution, in fact, Troyanovsky had used another veto—the Soviet Union's 114th—to stave off an otherwise successful U.S. drive to impose U.N. sanctions on Iran.

For Americans, it was refreshing to hear Third World countries denounce Moscow with the vehemence they usually reserve for attacks on the "imperialism" of the West. Said Singapore's highly respected U.N. ambassador, T.T.B Koh: "The fight over Afghanistan was led by small countries from the Third World who had the courage to get together and take risks. We were able to convince our colleagues not to accept the Soviet version of history."

That work of persuasion was sparklingly successful. Though Afghanistan's new Foreign Minister, Shah Mohammed Dost, flew in to declare that the Soviets were welcome in his land, dozens of delegates from small and fledgling countries rose to ridicule the Soviet line. Asked Papua–New Guinea's ambassador, Paulias Matane: "Should we accept the argument, then, that President Amin [of Afghanistan] invited the Soviet troops to overthrow his own government and eventually kill him? I find that hard to believe." Pakistan's Agha Shahi, who flew in to cosponsor the anti-Soviet resolution, was more blunt: "A nonexistent threat of an invasion [is] obviously being advanced to justify the large-scale dispatch of Soviet troops into Afghanistan."

An overwhelming majority of Third World nations agreed: "No arguments can be used to justify that intervention," said Nigeria. "It is a wrongheaded and unjustified act," said Iraq. "We refuse to be a pawn in the hands of any power bloc," said Zaïre.

Nowhere was the U.N. revolt against Moscow more apparent than in the breakdown of the voting itself. Of the 18 countries opposing the resolution, only one —tiny Grenada, with a population of 100,000—was not ruled by a Communist regime. (Among Communist states, China, Cambodia, Yugoslavia and Albania voted against Moscow.) Fully 57 members of the Nonaligned Movement, over which Cuba currently presides, supported the resolution, and only nine followed the Soviet line. Among Muslim countries, the swing was even more drastic. Eighteen condemned the Soviet action and only two, Afghanistan and South Yemen, opposed the majority.

Some 18 cautious states, including India, Algeria and Syria, abstained, and an eclectic group of twelve states did not vote at all. Noting that these included Bhutan, Rumania and South Africa, the New York *Times* caustically dubbed the nonvoters as "The Confused, the Brave and the Outcast." (One of these last was the Sudan, which was $65,000 behind in its U.N. dues and could raise only $40,000 before the count began, thus failing to qualify to vote.)

Soviet Ambassador Oleg Troyanovsky listens to U.S. Ambassador Donald McHenry at the U.N.

"Small countries from the Third World with the courage to get together and take risks"

The U.N. condemnation will have no immediate effect upon the Soviet involvement in Afghanistan, as almost all supporters of the resolution were willing to concede. More important, however, was the message to Moscow about its image in the world. Said a U.N. official: "The vision of the Soviet Union as a defender of the nonaligned peoples in the world has been shattered. The Russians care about the votes here because they are very image-conscious." For one Western ambassador, this had a measurable political significance. Said he: "In thinking of their next possible adventure, I believe what happened in Afghanistan will pro-

Pakistani Representative Agha Shah

Afghan Foreign Minister Mohammed Dost

"We refuse to be a pawn in the hands of any power bloc."

vide another ingredient in the Soviets' decision-making process."

Still more important, in the eyes of most observers, was the profound shift in allegiances in the U.N. membership as a whole. The Soviets had lost votes before, often in the Security Council, but they had almost always been able to limit the damage by casting a veto against resolutions of substance. Last week's debacle, however, was the first occasion when a more than two-thirds majority of the U.N.'s 152 members had challenged and overridden the veto specifically to condemn Moscow's actions. For some 2½ decades, Moscow had been virtually assured of U.N. support every time a debate was directed at "imperialism," "colonialism" or "Zionism," simply by the preponderance of former Western colonial territories among the nearly 100 new nations that joined the U.N. in that period.

This very influx of Asian and African countries, many of them small and most of them poor, contributed to widespread disillusionment with the U.N. among many Americans, who for years had paid more than 25% of U.N. expenses. The organization that had once symbolized the world's hope for peace had come to seem little more than an anti-Western debating society. In 1974 President Ford warned against the "tyranny of the majority" at the U.N. Even more scornful was the eloquent and combative U.S. delegate during 1975 and '76, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. When a U.N. special committee insisted that U.S. military forces on the Virgin Islands (consisting of 14 Coastguardsmen, a shotgun, a pistol and a boat) were a military threat to the region, Moynihan mocked the General Assembly as a "theater of the absurd."

But although Cold War conflicts and repeated Soviet use of the veto had long ago deprived the U.N. of power to enforce its views, it has retained a role of some value. For one thing, the U.N. provides the only arena where diplomats of all persuasions can meet and deal in private. For another, it can provide a mechanism, in areas of limited agreement, for such peace-keeping forces as those that guard Cyprus and southern Lebanon. For yet another, it is the only forum in which the world can state a collective view. And finally, it provides a wide variety of technical assistance—shelter for refugees, rice and malaria pills for the sick and destitute. Says U.S. Ambassador Donald McHenry: "You can use the U.N. to blow off steam, to express moral outrage, to exert political pressure." Adds U.N. Under Secretary-General Brian Urquhart, a 35-year veteran: "In emergencies, the U.N. is extremely useful. The U.N. can alter attitudes, and that's a beginning, a mighty important one, these days."

That alteration is not expected to provide the U.S. with any permanent new allies. Delegate after delegate insisted last week that the nonaligned want to remain nonaligned. For once, however, they could express the world's conscience, and the clumsy, unwieldy, hypocritical and inefficient U.N. provided the only way in which they could do so. ■

In Moscow: Defiant Defense

Brezhnev blames it all on U.S.

Moscow may have been taken aback by the worldwide condemnation of its invasion of Afghanistan, but all its trumpets of propaganda blared denial and defiance. The Afghanistan rebellion had to be suppressed, went the Kremlin line, and so the Soviet army had to suppress it. "To have acted otherwise," said Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, "would have meant leaving Afghanistan a prey to imperialism." Furthermore, said Brezhnev, Afghanistan was not even the cause of the current crisis. Said he: "If there were no Afghanistan, certain circles in the U.S. and in NATO would have found another pretext to aggravate the situation."

Pravda elaborated on Brezhnev's theme: "American policy is acquiring a trend that is ever more hostile to the interests of peace, détente and equitable cooperation among states. At present, this policy of interference in domestic affairs and encroachment on people's rights is shown in relation to Iran, but tomorrow in relation to other sovereign states." Alexander Bovin, a senior writer for *Izvestia*, warned, "It is time for the U.S. to learn to behave with greater modesty. That will be better for both America itself and the whole world." The man in the Moscow street often echoed his leaders' sentiments. "Why are you pushing us around?" asked an economics teacher. "Afghanistan is a Marxist country."

While assailing the U.S., Moscow sought to soothe other countries. *Literary Gazette* assured the Muslim world that although the U.S.S.R. is atheist, it is not at war with any religion. Brezhnev asserted that the Soviets want continued détente with Western Europe.

If there was any dissent about the invasion inside the Kremlin, it was well concealed. Despite persistent rumors that the ailing Brezhnev was not fully in command, there was no evidence that he did not make, or at least concur in, the decision to invade. Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin, who has maintained an affable relationship with Washington policymakers for some 20 years, was in Moscow when the decision was reached, but it is not known what he advised. Americanologist Georgi Arbatov suffered a heart attack in November and probably did not contribute to the invasion plan or an assessment of an American reaction.

Among Communists elsewhere, there was far less unanimity. Although the Eastern European satellite regimes generally acquiesced as supinely as ever, both Yugoslavia and Albania protested the invasion. French Communist Leader Georges Marchais, who once pretended to independence from Moscow, echoed Brezhnev in saying that the Soviets had acted only to resist an imperialist threat, but Spain's more wayward Communists criticized the Soviet move. The Italian Communists were more rebellious. In a resolution introduced before the European Parliament in Strasbourg, Italian Communist deputies declared the invasion "an open violation of the principles of national independence and sovereignty." The Italians' goal, in the view of expert observers, is to win enough credibility to enable them to join in a coalition government in Rome. ■

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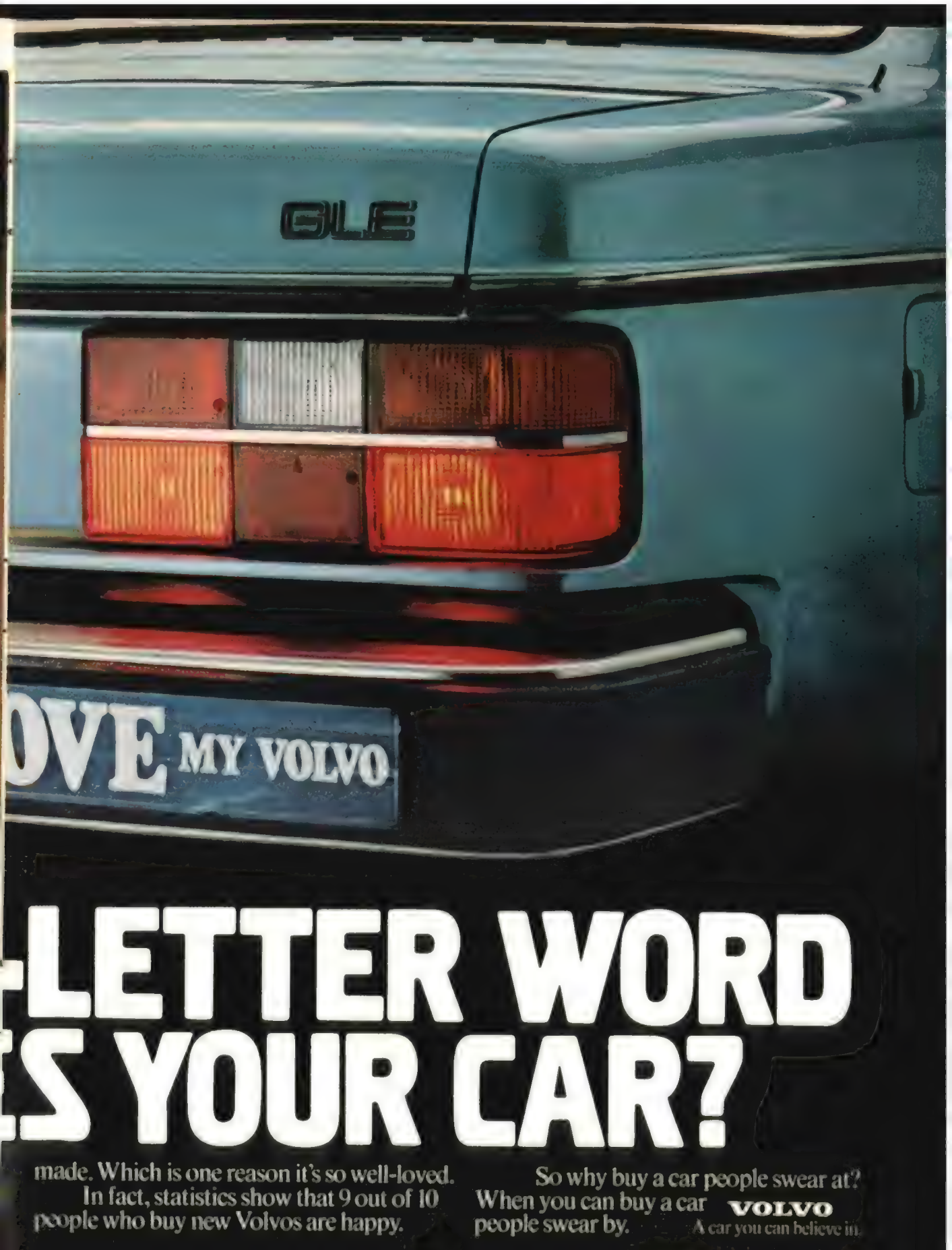

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"Responsible energy management is a big challenge. Clean-burning liquid coal is one of the ways Gulf is developing energy for tomorrow."

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"Who Lost Afghanistan?"

A sad chronicle of surprises and miscalculations

The virtual annexation of Afghanistan by the Soviet Union represents not only a strategic setback for the U.S. but a potential political liability for Jimmy Carter as well. TIME *Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott examines the historical background of the crisis:*

The question "Who lost Afghanistan?" is probably inevitable in the presidential campaign, if only because it echoes last year's refrains of "Who lost Iran?" and "Who lost Nicaragua?" The temptation to blame Jimmy Carter is understandable—and, for his critics, irresistible. After all, even though his predecessors had unwittingly contributed to the leftward drift of the Kabul government, it was during Carter's watch—and partly because of his misjudgments—that Afghanistan finally slipped from its traditional neutrality into the Soviet orbit.

But Afghanistan, unlike Iran and Nicaragua, was never really "ours" to lose. The British raj stopped at the Afghan border, and so did the post–World War II Pax Americana. In 1955 John Foster Dulles helped set up what became known as the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO) as part of a global network of anti-Soviet alliances. In effect, Dulles was drawing a line in the dust that the Soviets dared not step across lest they incur the thermonuclear wrath of the West. That line ran along the northern frontiers of Turkey, Iran and Pakistan, which were all members of CENTO. In keeping with Afghanistan's policy of nonalignment, it remained beyond the American "security perimeter" and was therefore vulnerable to its giant neighbor.

U.S policymakers left Afghanistan largely out of their geopolitical calculations, implicitly conceding it to the Soviet sphere of influence. When Henry Kissinger stopped off in Kabul to show the flag for a few hours in 1974, he spent almost as much time watching buzkashi, a primitive and violent form of polo, as he did talking business with President Mohammed Daoud. Says a veteran of the Nixon and Ford Administrations: "We had no illusions that the Afghans would or could defy Moscow. They were more Finlandized than the Finns."

The Marxist coup in which Noor Mohammed Taraki overthrew Daoud in April 1978 surprised the Soviets as much as it did the Americans. Western intelligence has not been able to find Russian fingerprints on the scene of "the April revolution," but the Soviets wasted no time in placing advisers in all the important ministries and down to the company level in the armed forces

The Carter Administration underreacted. Soviet aggressiveness in Afghanistan would be bad news for détente and for U.S. peace initiatives in the Middle East. Also, in its eagerness to make friends in the Third World, the Administration tended to give the benefit of the doubt to leftists who also seemed to be nationalists. Pakistan's strongman, Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, warned that a Marxist government in Kabul, supported by the Soviets, had gravely upset the balance of power in the region. "The Russians are now at the Khyber Pass," Zia told TIME in September 1978—but that was simply not a message Washington wanted to hear.

In 1979 the Soviets escalated their intervention against Afghanistan's Muslim militants and recalcitrant tribesmen who had been waging a long simmering and spreading rebellion. The insurgents, in turn, received more covert assistance from China, Pakistan and other countries. But by now the U.S. was distracted by a new preoccupation, right next door in Iran. (One immediate consequence of the collapse of the Shah: CENTO, long moribund, was disbanded.) Insofar as U.S. diplomats and intelligence experts focused on Afghanistan at all, they made two miscalculations. First, they believed that the Soviets' desire to preserve détente would restrain them in Afghanistan. Second, they had long since written off Babrak Karmal and his comrades in the pro-Soviet faction, whom the more independent Marxists ruling in Kabul had purged or driven into East European exile. Even in the early fall of last year, when an interagency intelligence report seriously raised the possibility that the Soviets might launch a full-scale "pacification" campaign in order to prevent Afghanistan from becoming a hostile Islamic republic, many U.S. experts were betting that the Soviets would put that campaign in the hands of a nationalistic general, Mohammed Aslam Watanjar. The notion of the Soviets flying Karmal home from Eastern Europe seemed too hamhanded and provocative, given the Communists' obvious need to broaden the political base of the Kabul regime. An armed Soviet takeover of the country was discounted for the same reason. More prescient intelligence would have enabled the U.S. to mount a diplomatic offensive to deter the Soviets, or at least to prepare countermeasures in advance

Former Presidents Daoud and Taraki

Now Karmal is President. (Watanjar is Minister of Communications and No. 6 in the leadership.) Afghanistan has a made-in-Moscow presidium and the ruble is the coin of the realm. Having become a *de facto* Soviet satellite two years ago, the benighted nation is now in danger of becoming the *de facto* 16th republic of the U.S.S.R. That sorry prospect leaves the U.S. to polish its intelligence community's crystal ball and to rebuild the original "security perimeter" south of Afghanistan with new alliances, fresh diplomatic offensives, and reinforced military deployments. Of course, the U.S. can also hope that the Afghan guerrillas will eventually wear out the superior Soviet force in a war of attrition. The odds are against that, but then, the odds were against a Soviet occupation in the first place. Now Afghanistan is the Soviets' to lose. ■

BALDEV—SYGMA

Afghan army tanks in Kabul during Marxist coup of 1978

An armed Soviet takeover was discounted.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Portrait of a Man Grown Larger

President Carter now has the body and face of a far younger man. His running has boiled off even the traces of fat, made his stomach almost concave. His muscles and bones have adjusted to the new physical challenge. The corners show. His face seems square from his jaw to his haircut, which has exposed his ears more and flattened the top. More angles. The stringiness so apparent when he first began jogging has disappeared. He is coiled physical vitality behind the desk in the Oval Office or sitting in an overstuffed chair in the family quarters.

Cincinnati Enquirer by William Michael Harnett

Carter is a rather small man. He weighs 151 lbs., stands 5 ft. 9½ in. Plain, muted suits and ties enhance his slenderness. Yet when he talks these days he seems bigger. His principal concern is world peace. His thoughts must embrace the entire globe. For three years he used to rush back from every excursion into Big Power and drop out with town meetings and backyard picnics. He cannot do that today. Events are on the march, and either he plays the central role or no one does. Soviet intentions must be redefined, free-world interests stated, and American power positioned to provide political unity and hold territory. It is not the sort of thing most Presidents like to do. It is dangerous work. Harry Truman, it is said, would just as soon have ducked U.S. involvement in the Greek-Turkish crisis of 1947. He concluded he could not, and the Truman Doctrine was born. It was perhaps his finest hour.

The question: Is this new Carter big enough inside to understand the enormousness of the challenge the U.S. faces and reach beyond anything he has imagined before to establish a principle for free-world survival?

There are some good signs. Carter reads the hot-line messages from Leonid Brezhnev with knitted brows. Question marks. He handles the few pages as if they were radioactive. They could be. He says each critical word as if destiny were buried in its syllables. That could be too. He talks about power and the possibility of war as he used to talk Government reorganization and revenue sharing. His mind probes beyond the merely visible. If the Soviet moves in Afghanistan are unopposed, that confirms to the men in the Politburo that they can invade the soft spots of the free world with impunity. If that attitude survives these months, then cataclysm lies ahead. Carter must move on instinct, something he has avoided for three years.

He reads the old documents, like the account of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. He worries on the phone with France's President Giscard d'Estaing, and he probes cautiously on a call to India's newly elected and infuriating Indira Gandhi. The President's international phoning is now done with the same casualness he uses for Iowa's caucus votes. His list includes Pakistan's Zia, Germany's Schmidt, Egypt's Sadat, Britain's Thatcher. He still writes Brezhnev regular personal letters.

Carter's mind has never had to embrace so much. One second it is on China and the next on the U.N., then on the Third World and again on the oil supplies of the Persian Gulf, from there to the Islamic conference in Pakistan and back to U.S. military capability. The breadth and difficulty of these unsolved equations of power are Churchillian.

Upstairs in the mansion, in the west sitting hall, he can occasionally be glimpsed in the morning light beneath his favorite painting, a still life by William Michael Harnett in 1888. It shows a table with books, a copy of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a pipe and spilled ashes, a brass candlestick. It is a scene that is left by a man in thought. One senses some resonance between Carter and the painting. The time of Carter's contemplation of this strained world is about over. What has been read and thought must now be brought to life.

In the Dock

The trial of the President's pal

Hand in hand, smiling and seemingly without a care in the world, Bert and LaBelle Lance last week strode into the Richard Russell Federal Building in Atlanta. They headed for the gold-upholstered ceremonial courtroom on the 23rd floor, site of the most unpleasant event in Lance's go-go career. His long awaited trial for violating U.S. banking laws was about to begin, and he professed to be eager to get started. Said Lance: "We're ready to move ahead."

One of President Carter's closest friends, Lance served as Director of the Office of Management and Budget until he was forced to resign in September 1977. Three of his associates are on trial with him: Thomas M. Mitchell, a member of the Georgia state transportation board; H. Jackson Mullins, a former pharmacist; and Richard T. Carr, a onetime Georgia bank president. The four defendants are charged with a variety of illegal acts in obtaining more than $20 million in loans from 41 banks in Georgia, Tennessee, New York, Hong Kong and Luxembourg. According to the indictment, they made false entries in bank records, misapplied funds, willfully overvalued property and conspired to gain unwarranted extensions of credit.

The first week of the trial was devoted to selecting a panel of 56 jurors and alternates, a painstakingly slow process. By week's end 53 had been chosen. All had been required to answer 70 written inquiries about their education, employment, health—even their hobbies and reading habits. In court, Edwin J. Tomko, a member of the Justice Department's fraud section, asked each potential juror in a high-pitched voice whether he or she had seen or heard any accounts of the case, formed an opinion or read LaBelle's book *This Too Shall Pass*. In a silky Southern voice, Defense Attorney Nickolas P. Chilivis asked jury candidates if they had had satisfactory or unsatisfactory experiences with banks, if they had ever applied for a loan, if they had ever had an overdraft. Asked whether she had heard anything about the case, Bookkeeper Rebekah M. Bartlett, 61, replied, "I'm sure we all have unless we've been out of the country."

Jury selection was so prolonged that Tomko joked, "At this rate, my newborn daughter will be in first grade by the time we begin." And in graduate school before they end. Together the two sides may call between 150 and 200 witnesses before the case goes to the jury and the fate of Jimmy Carter's old friend is decided.

■ Lance in Atlanta

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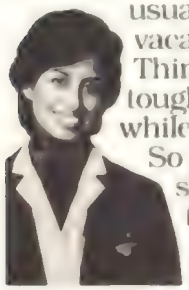

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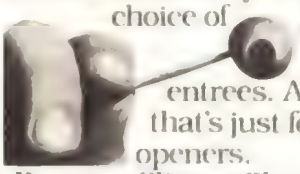

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Toward Reform of the Reforms

Road to nomination is too complex, too costly, too long

Who could have predicted the outcome of the 1980 race for the G.O.P. nomination? On the eve of the Oregon primary, George Bush stopped in the middle of his 2,735th campaign speech and, with a faraway look in his eyes, wandered outside. He said he wanted to enjoy the scenery. Earlier, Howard Baker returned to the Senate, claiming he would rather push a dozen energy bills through Congress than endure another primary. Ronald Reagan went back to making movies because there were fewer changes of scene; John Connally found it more restful to teach Middle East relations at New York City College. At the convention, party leaders were panicked: there were no candidates. Then they hit on an astounding idea. Why not meet in a smoke-filled back room and, pooling their experience and influence, pick the best candidate? This they did, producing a man who was acceptable to all elements of the party, a man who was fresh from having avoided the primaries, a man who . . . The rest is history.

That much maligned figure, the party boss, is looking better and better these days. A growing number of politicians and political scientists would like to bring him back, smoke-filled room and all, to restore some order and rationality to the now chaotic presidential nominating process.

The McGovern-Fraser reforms of 1972, initiated by the Democrats and copied by the Republicans, were intended to open the process to a greater number of people, especially women, minorities and the young. But the new rules have made the selection by caucus so complicated that more and more states have substituted primaries. This year 37 are holding primaries, an expensive and enervating ordeal for candidates that is almost as burdensome as the presidency itself.

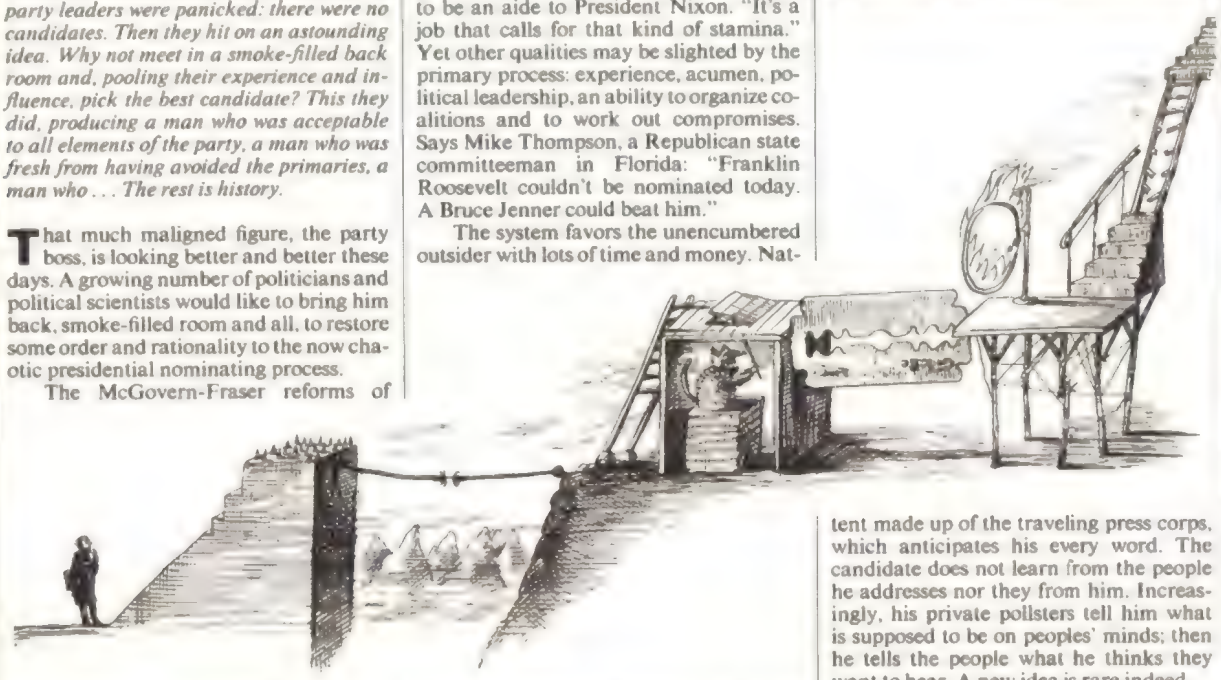
The process that has been evolving over the past ten years is just as wearisome for a jaded public. Thanks to increasing television exposure, the candidates become as familiar and predictable, if not as entertaining, as Mork and Archie. And how many canned speeches, straws in the wind, shifts in the polls, who's-up-who's-down, can an audience take before it tunes out? Many people are getting too bored to bother to vote at all. The primary turnout dropped from 39% of those of voting age in 1968 to 28% eight years later, and there is no reason to think it will not continue to decline.

If the outcome of this ever lengthening process were highly satisfactory, then it might be worth the effort. But there is growing unease over the kind of candidate who ultimately emerges. That he has been rigorously tested in some respects can hardly be denied. "The energy of the long distance runner is essential to the conduct of the presidency," says Leonard Garment, a New York attorney who used to be an aide to President Nixon. "It's a job that calls for that kind of stamina." Yet other qualities may be slighted by the primary process: experience, acumen, political leadership, an ability to organize coalitions and to work out compromises. Says Mike Thompson, a Republican state committeeman in Florida: "Franklin Roosevelt couldn't be nominated today. A Bruce Jenner could beat him."

The system favors the unencumbered outsider with lots of time and money. Naturally, those who benefit most want to change it least. Bill Roberts, John Connally's western campaign manager, needs all the time he can get to expose his candidate. "Over a 16- to 18-month period, the truth will out," he says. But the candidate who is holding down a full-time job is at a serious disadvantage. That has been the problem for Howard Baker, who was late in starting his campaign because of his duties as Senate minority leader. Significantly, all his chief rivals are currently unemployed. "We've really turned the world upside down," says Barney Frank, a Democratic state representative in Massachusetts. "It used to be that you needed a position to run from. Now you need not to have one. The out-of-office guy is the one who's way ahead. That's a little wacky."

All the additional campaigning does not necessarily clarify the complex issues or reveal the candidate. Says Senator George McGovern, one of the chief authors of the nominating reforms: "The candidate isn't under the close personal scrutiny that a handful of bosses used to give him. I have to admit that the more primaries there are, the more difficult is the process." The winner of the 1976 marathon, Jimmy Carter, was not really much better known at the end of the campaign than he was at the beginning, and his stands on the issues remained murky—calculatedly so.

Theoretically, a candidate acquires an understanding of local issues and regional viewpoints as he zigzags around the country, but this may be exaggerated. Typically, he darts from one town to the next, checking in at interchangeable motels, giving much the same speech in front of audiences that are to a considerable extent made up of the traveling press corps, which anticipates his every word. The candidate does not learn from the people he addresses nor they from him. Increasingly, his private pollsters tell him what is supposed to be on peoples' minds; then he tells the people what he thinks they want to hear. A new idea is rare indeed.



As they trudge through the primaries, the candidates aim for the votes of a rather narrow slice of the electorate. Because a greater degree of understanding of candidates and issues is needed to cast a primary ballot, those who vote tend to be articulate, highly motivated, upper middle income citizens, who are usually more ideologically committed, whether to the right or to the left. Writes Chicago Lawyer Newton Minow, former chairman of the FCC: "The current version of primaries turns the decision over to what, in a sense, is a new kind of political boss. A small handful of party activists dominate the primaries. The result is a process that tends to fragment rather than unify and to confuse rather than enlighten."

As the primaries have proliferated,

Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

A report on the great American forest.

Look what happens when Mother Nature gets a little help.

These log slices dramatically show the value of modern, scientific forest management. Both (shown 36% of actual size) are from trees of about the same age. The smaller one grew in an unmanaged, overcrowded stand where it had to compete for sunlight and moisture. The other is from a grove that was thinned to give the best trees room to thrive.

This is just one of many ways forest management can help meet a predicted doubling of domestic demand for wood and paper products in the next 50 years.

The forest industry has learned how to help Mother Nature grow more trees, faster, by applying scientific forest management techniques: encouraging natural regrowth, planting superior seeds and seedlings, fertilizing, protecting against disease and insects, thinning, watching carefully until time to harvest — then starting the cycle again.

Demand keeps rising.

Forest management like this is vital because every year Americans need more homes, more paper products, more packaging and containers, more fuelwood, more of the thousands of other essential products that only the forest can provide.

So far, the country's commercial forest has been able to keep up with demand. (*Commercial forest*, as defined by the U.S. Forest Service, is *all* forestland—whether owned by individuals, government or the industry—that is capable of, and potentially available for, growing repeated crops of trees for harvest. It includes land in National Forests but not in National Parks or Wilderness areas.)

But trees aren't grown equally fast by all commercial forest owners. Though industry has made striking advances on its lands, productivity is lower on privately owned lands and seriously lagging in National Forests.

Productivity not up to potential.

Overall, the U.S. Forest Service estimates average productivity of all commercial forestland is only 61 percent of potential. And at the same time, actual acreage in commercial forests keeps shrinking, as land is withdrawn for homes, highways and other needs of an expanding population.

So we as a nation still have a long way to go if our wood and paper products are not to become scarce and expensive.

If you'd like to be better informed on how important it is to keep America's forests productive, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150 for a free booklet, "The Great American Forest."

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This new Raytheon gamma camera, for example, allows doctors to examine internal organs in great detail, reveals characteristics that are not available through X-rays or other means. It offers a clearer image, is faster to operate, and provides greater patient comfort than any other gamma camera now available. Already the new camera is in use at such major medical centers as Baptist Memorial Hospital in Memphis, Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago, and, most recently, Boston's Lahey Clinic.

X-rays, of course, have long been a mainstay of medical diagnosis. Raytheon's involvement in X-ray technology goes back to the turn of the century. Machlett Laboratories, a Raytheon company, was one of the pioneer manufacturers of X-ray tubes and devices and continues today as a leading supplier. Recently, Raytheon expanded its capabilities to include

complete X-ray systems marketed under both the Amrad and Raytheon Medical Imaging names.

At the leading edge of X-ray technology, Raytheon has just completed design and construction of a highly sophisticated X-ray scanner for the Mayo Clinic. Called a Dynamic Spatial Reconstructor, this huge, 25-foot X-ray machine provides three-dimensional pictures of moving organs. It will be used to conduct advanced research in heart disease.

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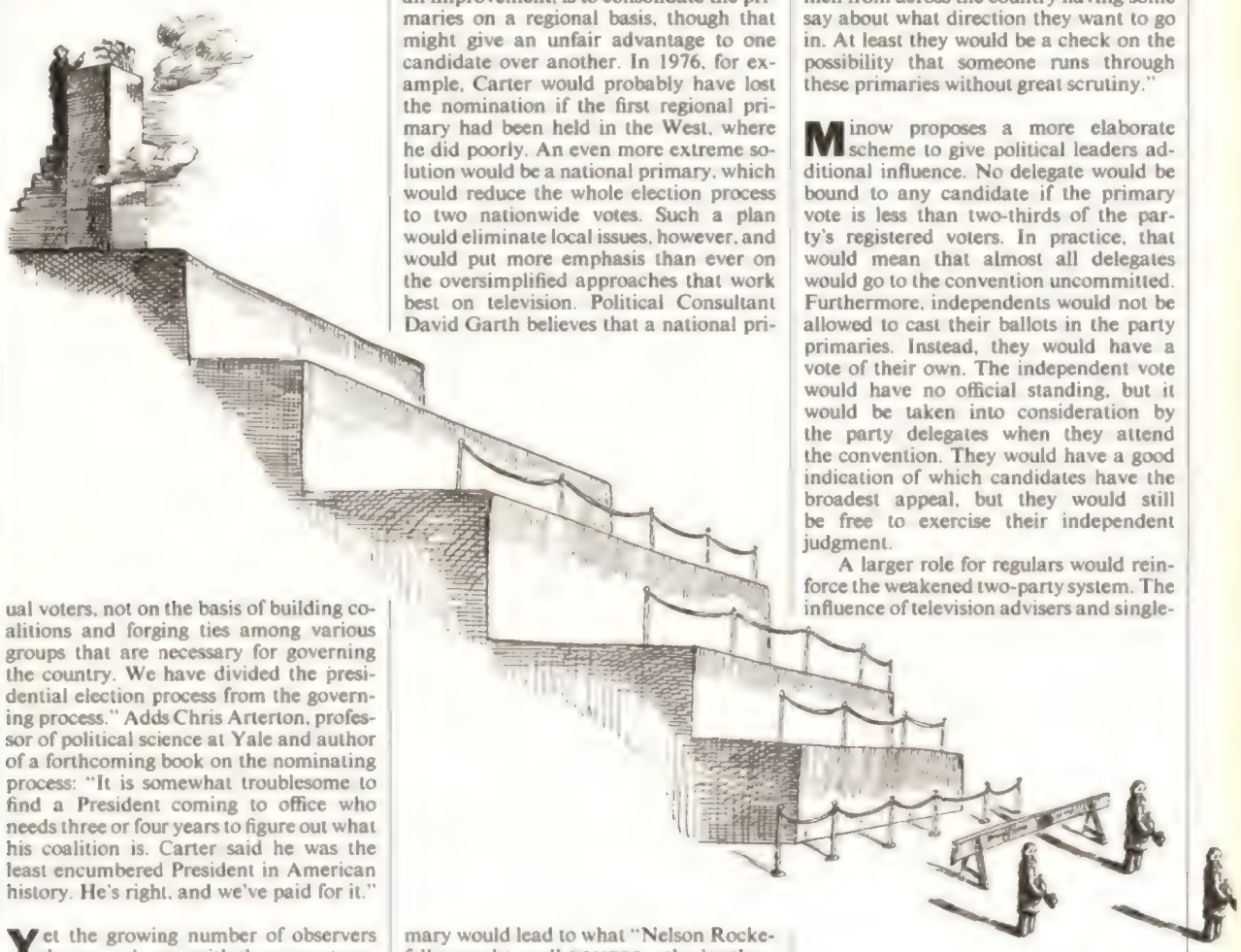
The only thing you give up are some old-fashioned ideas about what a car ought to be.

*Dasher Diesel Sedan 0-50 mph in 13.0 sec.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

the role of the parties has diminished. The candidate builds his personal campaign structure. This tightly knit, often amateur group, its fortunes wedded to one man, is inevitably antagonistic to the party, a situation that carries over to the White House when the winner arrives there. Alan Baron, who was a chief instigator of party reforms and now publishes a newsletter, the *Baron Report*, in Washington, feels that Carter won "on the basis of being able to appeal successfully to individual voters, not on the basis of building coalitions and forging ties among various groups that are necessary for governing the country. We have divided the presidential election process from the governing process." Adds Chris Arterton, professor of political science at Yale and author of a forthcoming book on the nominating process: "It is somewhat troublesome to find a President coming to office who needs three or four years to figure out what his coalition is. Carter said he was the least encumbered President in American history. He's right, and we've paid for it."



Yet the growing number of observers who are unhappy with the current system take a pragmatic view of changing it. They do not want to repeat the mistake of the reformers who drastically curtailed the power of party leaders and Government officials without adequately considering the consequences. There are distinct advantages to a more open system, however few people take advantage of it. Says Jonathan Moore, director of the John F. Kennedy School of Government's Institute of Politics at Harvard: "We have a very flexible, very pluralistic system with a lot of freedom of choice and diversity within it."

Still, there is room for improvement without junking the present setup. For one thing, the process is too long. Great Britain's national election is disposed of in a mere three weeks. In the U.S., caucuses and primaries now stretch from January to June of election year and could be compressed. Democratic Congressman Morris Udall, who ran unsuccessfully in 1976, suggests limiting the contests to four dates: the first Tuesday of each month from March to June. "This would provide a smorgasbord of elections around the country instead of these overblown single primaries," he explains.

Another alternative, not necessarily an improvement, is to consolidate the primaries on a regional basis, though that might give an unfair advantage to one candidate over another. In 1976, for example, Carter would probably have lost the nomination if the first regional primary had been held in the West, where he did poorly. An even more extreme solution would be a national primary, which would reduce the whole election process to two nationwide votes. Such a plan would eliminate local issues, however, and would put more emphasis than ever on the oversimplified approaches that work best on television. Political Consultant David Garth believes that a national primary would lead to what "Nelson Rockefeller used to call BOMFOG—the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God—and never get into issues."

Without abolishing the primaries, as Barry Goldwater has proposed, the role of party leaders and officeholders can be increased. Minneapolis Attorney David Lebedoff, a longtime activist in Minnesota's Democratic Farmer-Labor Party, asks: "If we have representative government, why can't we have representative politics? No one says that there should be a town meeting of 100 million people through two-way TV for a vote on the SALT treaty." Everett C. Ladd of the Social Science Data Center at the University of Connecticut argues that the alleged glories "of participatory democracy have neutralized representative democracy."

To give seasoned political leaders more say in the nomination, a number of delegate seats could be automatically allotted to them. Tim Hagan, Democratic Party chairman of Ohio's Cuyahoga County, recommends letting state parties add at least 25 delegates from their own ranks who would be uncommitted to any particular candidate. That would leave them free to bargain with other delegations at the convention. Says Hagan: "I see nothing wrong with 100 county chairmen from across the country having some say about what direction they want to go in. At least they would be a check on the possibility that someone runs through these primaries without great scrutiny."

Minow proposes a more elaborate scheme to give political leaders additional influence. No delegate would be bound to any candidate if the primary vote is less than two-thirds of the party's registered voters. In practice, that would mean that almost all delegates would go to the convention uncommitted. Furthermore, independents would not be allowed to cast their ballots in the party primaries. Instead, they would have a vote of their own. The independent vote would have no official standing, but it would be taken into consideration by the party delegates when they attend the convention. They would have a good indication of which candidates have the broadest appeal, but they would still be free to exercise their independent judgment.

A larger role for regulars would reinforce the weakened two-party system. The influence of television advisers and single-issue zealots would be reduced. The parties could be strengthened if federal funds were given to them instead of to the candidates. The current law, requiring a candidate to qualify for matching funds by raising in 20 states at least $5,000 in individual contributions of no more than $250, encourages separatism. The parties could also be given free time on television to develop issues and present their candidates. However imperfectly, the parties have traditionally mediated among the contending groups of the electorate, producing a candidate who is at least acceptable to all factions, and at best highly qualified. After all, the point of the nominating process is to find someone who can run the country. ■

Disputed channel in 1969: open in May (see lower right in first photo, left), still open in July, closed in November

The Tide in Ted's Life

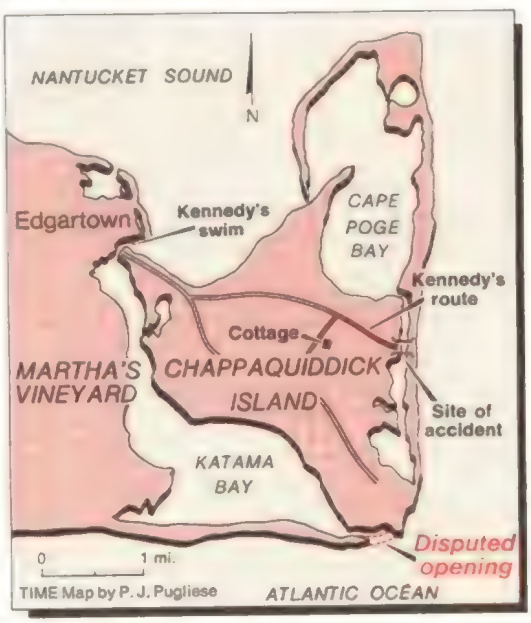
New challenges to his account of Chappaquiddick

When Senator Edward Kennedy began his presidential campaign, he was encouraged by polls to believe that his conduct a decade ago at Chappaquiddick Island would not be an important issue. He knew that a significant number of voters would never fully trust his account of what happened on the night of July 18-19, 1969, when his car careered off narrow Dike Bridge and Mary Jo Kopechne drowned. But he thought that voters would at least believe his assertion that there was nothing more to be said about the accident and finally turn their attention to more topical questions.

But Chappaquiddick has turned out to be the Campaign Issue That Will Not Go Away. The Senator himself revived interest in the tragedy with his hesitant answers to questions about it posed by Roger Mudd during the now celebrated CBS interview in November. Last week separate stories in the Washington *Star*, *Reader's Digest* and New York *Post* fanned a new controversy at a critical time: just before the Jan. 21 Democratic caucuses in Iowa that began the process of selecting delegates to the presidential nominating convention in August.

The *Post* story did not bear directly on the tragedy; it was an account of previous parties that Kennedy had allegedly thrown for his aides and various young women on Martha's Vineyard. The *Digest* and *Star* articles, however, challenged the truthfulness of the Senator's description of his behavior following Kopechne's death.

She died soon after she and Kennedy had left a rented cottage on Chappaquiddick, where he had thrown a party for eleven aides—five men and six women. Kennedy later claimed that he and Kopechne were driving back to their separate hotels in Edgartown, the main town on Martha's Vineyard, when he made a wrong turn and headed east down a dirt road to Dike Bridge. After the accident, Kennedy said, he managed to struggle out of the submerged car. As his story goes, after several dives in an attempt to save Kopechne, he walked back to the cottage to summon two close aides, Joseph Gargan and Paul Markham. They returned with him to the bridge and dived repeatedly but were unable to save Kopechne. Then they drove to the opposite end of Chappaquiddick, where, Kennedy said, he jumped into the water and battled a ferocious northward-flowing current to reach Edgartown, on the other side of a 500-ft. channel from Chappaquiddick (*see map*). For different reasons, the *Star* and *Reader's Digest* concluded that the tide had actually been flowing in the opposite direction and would have helped rather than endangered the Senator during his swim. The *Digest* flatly said that Kennedy's story "is false."



The direction and strength of the tide during the swim are central to one of the most important questions about Chappaquiddick: Why did Kennedy wait until almost ten hours after the accident before reporting it to the police? At a January 1970 inquest, he gave a vivid account of how he had plunged into the water and then "felt an extraordinary shove . . . the tide began to draw me out, and for the second time that evening I knew I was going to drown . . . I remembered being swept down toward the direction of the Edgartown Light and well out into the darkness." He eventually reached Edgartown but, he said, was so exhausted by the struggle that he could do nothing but stagger the few blocks to his hotel and fall into bed.

Government tide tables for the area seemed to back up the Senator's story, but both the *Digest* and *Star* raised serious questions. Bernard Le Méhauté, an oceanographic engineer commissioned by the *Digest*, studied the tides on Nov. 9-10, 1979, which he determined were nearly identical, after some minor adjustments, to those on the night of the accident. He concluded that a northward current could have been flowing that night, just as Kennedy said. But Méhauté found that by 1:30 a.m., when the Senator said he had jumped into the channel, the

tide would have been "weak to zero." Moreover, Méhauté said, just about then the tide turned and the current through the channel started flowing south. The implication was that the current would have carried Kennedy toward Edgartown's narrow inner harbor and the shore, not north toward Nantucket Sound. In rebuttal, Kennedy Brother-in-Law Stephen Smith produced oceanographic studies, commissioned by the Senator, showing that the tide had been running north until 1:36 a.m., a few minutes after Kennedy said he began the swim.

The Washington *Star* relied on entirely different evidence. It produced aerial photos, dated May and November 1969, of the sand-bar opening through which ocean tides swept northward into Katama Bay, through the channel between Edgartown and Chappaquiddick and out into the sound. According to the pictures, the opening into Katama Bay was still clear in May but had been blocked by sand by November. The *Star* indicated that the opening had gradually silted up during the intervening months. The newspaper concluded that by July 18 the gap would have been too narrow and shallow to let in a northward current of any strength. That interpretation concurs with what Ralph Martin, racing secretary of the local yacht club for 40 years, told TIME a few weeks after the accident. He said that winter storms in 1968-69 had so narrowed the opening in the sand bar as to reduce drastically the strength of the tide flowing into the bay and inner harbor. Said he: "It's not anywhere like what it used to be. The tide used to run like the devil through here."

Kennedy accused the *Star* of "irresponsible, shoddy and incomplete" reporting. His aides produced aerial photos showing the sand bar still open to the south on July 2—and indeed, on Oct. 24, 1969. The *Star* did not have the July 2 picture, which was obtained by the Kennedy staff two weeks ago from J. Gordon Ogden, a longtime summer resident of Martha's Vineyard who has compiled a book on the area's tides. But the *Star* did have the Oct. 24 photo. The newspaper's editors decided not to publish it because it was taken from an oblique angle and did not show the channel clearly enough —though it demonstrates that the channel had not narrowed since May, despite the *Star's* assertion to the contrary.

Kennedy's aides also released statements from two experts disputing quotes attributed to them by the *Star*. One was Ogden, who was said by the *Star* to have waded through "chest-deep" water across the sand-bar opening in the summer of 1969. But he told Kennedy's staff that "no one in his right mind [would do so] because of the depth and rapidly flowing tidal currents." His wading, he said, had been at a different spot, where the bay was wider and shallower. Replied *Star* Reporter Duncan Spencer: "I've got it in my notes. That's all I can say."

The other expert, Ed Rolle, an interpreter of photographs for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Washington, was quoted by the *Star* as saying that the May picture indicated that the sand-bar opening was "shallow, possibly one to four feet." But he told Kennedy's staff that he had been misquoted. Actually, he said, "there is no way to tell if the depth is one foot, four feet or some other depth." A third expert, Jerome Milgram, a professor of ocean engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who was hired by Kennedy's staff to study the currents, concluded that the opening was "more than twelve feet deep." The depth of the opening is important because only a large volume of water pouring through it could produce the northward current that Kennedy described at the inquest.

Joan and Ted Kennedy speaking at press conference in Iowa last week just before caucuses

"Yes, I believe my husband's story"—but the voters have fresh reason to doubt it.

Kennedy is unlikely to set to rest doubts about his story. Both the *Digest* and *Star* pointed out that his account of nearly drowning during the swim conflicted with the testimony of Gargan and Markham at the January 1970 inquest. They said that they had watched the start of the Senator's swim, observed no struggle, concluded that he could reach Edgartown with no trouble and returned to the cottage. Kennedy told reporters last week that he might not have shown any signs of difficulty that were visible to Gargan and Markham, but that he nonetheless had battled against a fierce tide.

The *Digest*, in addition, produced a second allegation: when Kennedy's rented 1967 Oldsmobile approached the bridge, he had been driving at 30 to 38 m.p.h., rather than 20 m.p.h., as he testified at the inquest. It based this conclusion on computer studies conducted by an auto-safety expert. Had "a reasonably attentive driver" actually approached the bridge at 20 m.p.h. or so, the *Digest* asserted, he would have seen the bridge in time to brake safely to a stop. The point seems secondary: whatever Kennedy's speed that fateful night, it obviously was too fast for the washboard-like road leading up to the bridge.

In any case, the Senator's actions that night are so odd, by his own description, that Kennedy himself has called them "irrational and indefensible and inexcusable and inexplicable." Thus they offer a fertile field for investigative reporters, and more attempted exposés may be on the way. Nicholas Horrock and a team of fellow New York *Times*men are reported to be poking anew into the tragedy. Ladislas Farago, a writer on military and espionage subjects, is said to be preparing a long book about Chappaquiddick.

What more may be published, and when, is uncertain. But the issue has not left voters' minds. A New York *Times*–CBS News poll two months ago found that 69% of the Democrats queried had a favorable opinion of Kennedy *vs.* only 19% unfavorable. A new poll published last week disclosed that the favorable figure had shrunk to 51%, while the unfavorable number had doubled to 38% —and those questioned who disliked the Senator repeatedly cited doubts about Chappaquiddick.

Last week Kennedy's wife Joan, campaigning with her husband in Iowa, insisted: "Yes, I believe my husband's story." She expressed a belief that "these stories coming out now at this crucial time, just before the Iowa caucuses, should not be given any attention at all when we really should be discussing the important issues that my husband has been raising in his campaign." Her wish seems unlikely to be fulfilled. ■

Federal Judge John Dooling

Abortion Ruling

An order to pay the poor

Cora McRae, 24, a Brooklyn mother, was pregnant again in 1976 and wanted an abortion. She was poor and went to Planned Parenthood for advice, but was told that the Government could not pay for her operation. In October the Hyde Amendment, which cut off federal funds for all abortions except for pregnancies that endangered a woman's life, would go into effect. But Cora McRae's plight aroused the sympathies of civil rights lawyers, who started a legal battle in her behalf. Last week that battle culminated in a sweeping decision by Brooklyn Federal District Court Judge John F. Dooling Jr. He ruled that the Hyde Amendment is unconstitutional, and he ordered the Government to provide Medicaid funds for any abortion that a poor woman's doctor decides is necessary.

The lawyers first won a preliminary injunction against the Hyde Amendment from Judge Dooling in 1976, and McRae got her abortion. Ten months later, however, the Supreme Court ruled that its 1973 decision guaranteeing a woman's right to abortion did not require the Government to pay for poor women's abortions if they were "nontherapeutic," meaning the woman's health or life was not endangered by pregnancy. But the high court did not rule on whether the state could be required to pay for an abortion that a doctor deemed medically necessary. The list of plaintiffs expanded to include McRae, Planned Parenthood of New York City, and other poor women unable to get abortions.

The plaintiffs called 40 witnesses, and the trial produced thousands of pages of testimony. For 13 months Judge Dooling, 71, a Roman Catholic and father of five, pondered the legal, religious and medical issues. Last week he issued a 642-page document in which he stopped short of ruling that the Hyde Amendment violated the constitutional separation of church and state. But he reasoned that by exempting medically necessary abortions from the comprehensive Medicaid program, the Government violated at least two constitutional guarantees: the Fifth Amendment rights of religious freedom and individual liberty. Dooling called a woman's freedom to terminate her pregnancy for health reasons, "nearly allied to her right to be," a matter "of moral judgment and ultimately religious in origin."

Dooling adopted the language of a Supreme Court ruling to define what constitutes a "medically necessary" abortion: " . . . a professional judgment for the physician that may be exercised in the light of all factors—physical, emotional, psychological, familial and the woman's age —relevant to the well-being of the patient." Abortion opponents nonetheless criticized the definition as too broad. Said Robert Destro, general counsel for the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights: "Judge Dooling's definition of health means anything. He leaves no meaningful distinction between elective and nonelective abortions."

Rhonda Copelon, an attorney for the plaintiffs, called the ruling "a landmark for women, the poor, liberty and the Constitution." If upheld, the decision would strike down the Hyde Amendment, and any comparable state restrictions. But Dooling delayed putting his decision into effect for 30 days to allow right-to-life supporters to appeal it to the Supreme Court.

Even if the Supreme Court does agree with him, the abortion battle is far from over. Anti-abortionists have a last resort: an amendment to the Constitution. Although an amendment outlawing all abortions has received little support so far, Dooling's decision could have the unintended result of fueling the movement. Said North Carolina Republican Jesse Helms, the Senate's leading right-to-life proponent: "His decision has the effect of saying 'no compromise.' It is sure to result in an increase in the efforts of pro-life supporters to elect members of Congress who will pass the human life amendment." ■

Lawyer Rhonda Copelon

Reaching Out

The VA helps Vietvets

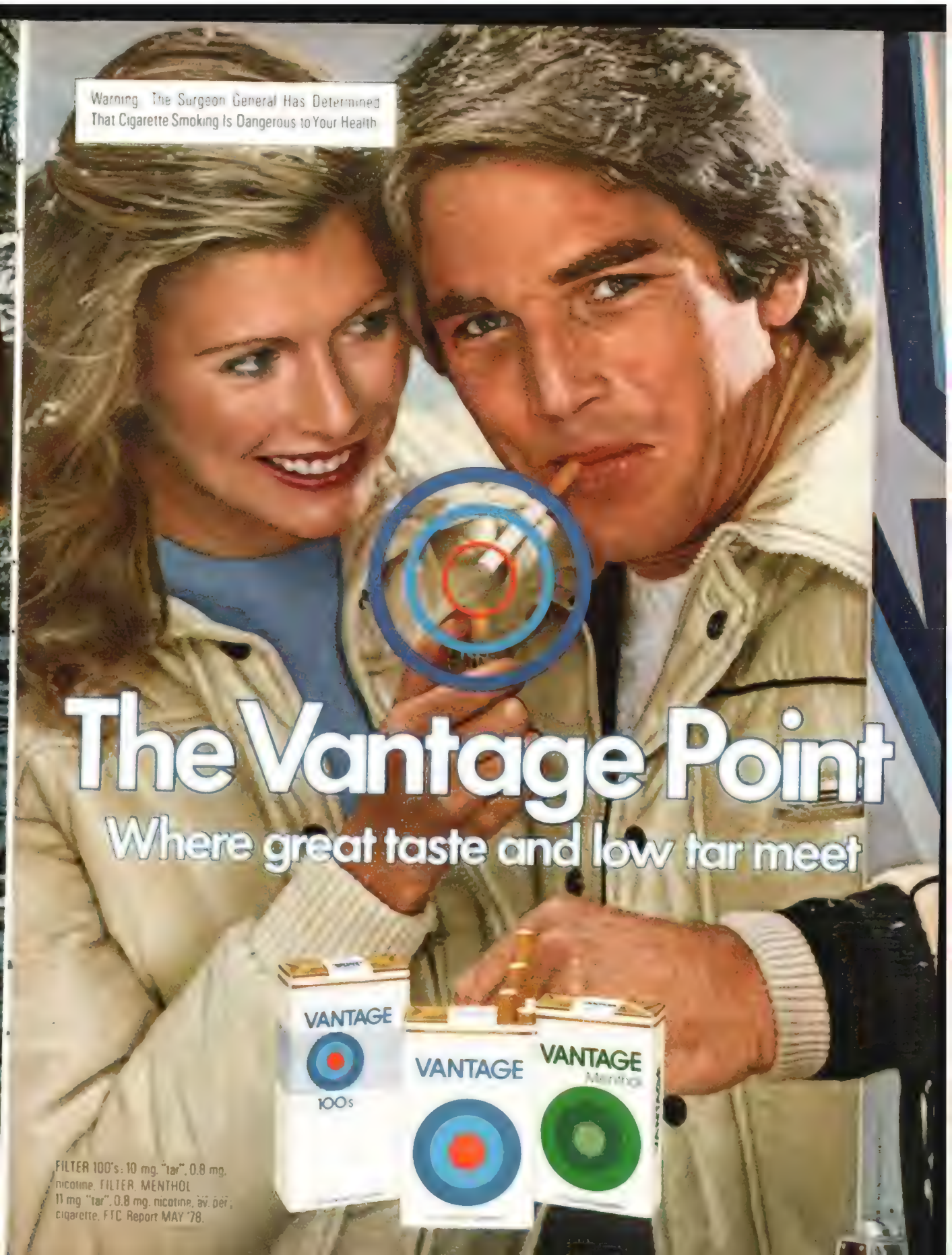
In Birmingham, Don Reed and three aides got six phone calls in two weeks about Viet Nam War veterans who threatened to kill themselves. Each time Reed and his team raced to answer the cries for help. One vet waved a knife and swore that he would slice up his dog and then himself. "Cut up the damn dog," said Reed with a calm that he did not feel. "I don't care." Suddenly, when the vet was distracted, Reed kicked him in the shins and disarmed him. Reed & Co. saved five of the vets, but they were too late on one call. Depressed, the man had already cut veins in his arms and died.

Reed and his team are part of the Veterans Administration's new Operation Outreach. Started on Oct. 1, the program now has teams working out of about 40 storefronts and operating on a first-year budget of $9.9 million. By next year the service is scheduled to expand to 86 teams capable of reaching some 100,000 Viet Nam vets at an annual cost of $13.9 million. The VA got the idea from a similar counseling service provided through 65 centers by the private Disabled American Veterans Organization.

Top VA officials candidly admit that Operation Outreach is needed because the VA's normal facilities have failed to help enough of the roughly 500,000 veterans who suffer from what Government psychologists call "P.V.S."—Post-Viet Nam Syndrome. "We find a lot of the guys have turned off society and turned off the VA," concedes VA Administrator Max Cleland, who lost two legs and an arm in Viet Nam. He recalls his own struggle with P.V.S. all too well: "It was like a series of secondary explosions going off in my head. I was on an emotional roller-coaster, and I didn't know where I was going." Added Don Crawford, a VA psychologist who directs Operation Outreach: "A lot of these veterans don't trust the Government. They feel it screwed them over. They won't even go into a Government building."

But Crawford has discovered that depressed or distraught vets can be coaxed into visiting the informal storefront offices of Operation Outreach. The offices, moreover, are generally manned by Viet Nam vets who have suffered similar emotional maladies. These counselors go through a weeklong training session designed to rid them of their own postwar hang-ups. They also learn how to tell when a vet needs professional psychiatric help rather than some friendly counseling.

The chance to bend a responsive ear has helped to ease the lingering post-combat trauma of many veterans. Said Cleland: "Some guys are absolutely paralyzed by P.V.S. They have to have a compassionate environment to let themselves go." ■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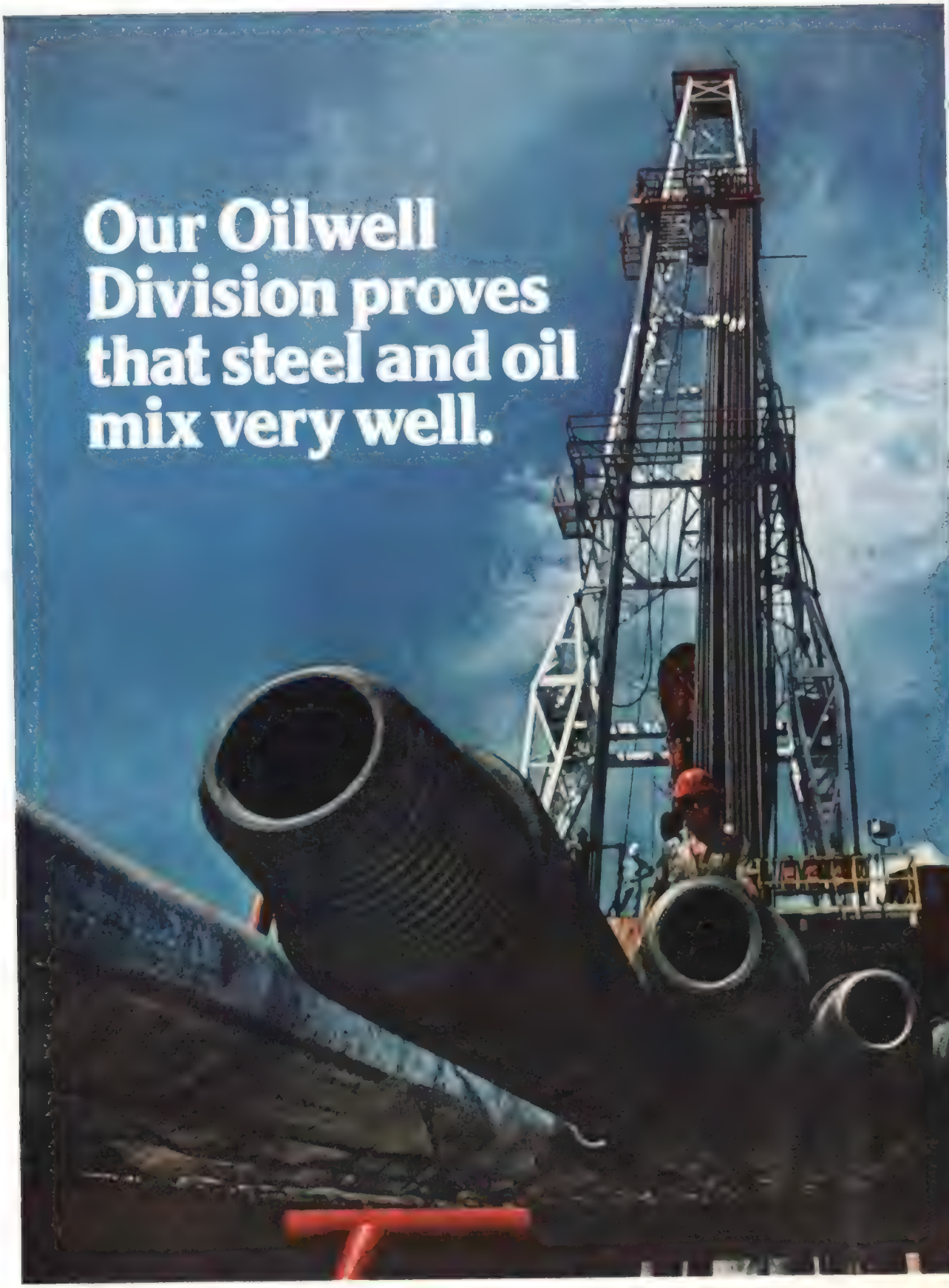
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Americana

For the Birds

Every morning for seven years, two workmen have had to scrub the front steps of Oklahoma's state capitol, cleaning up after the hundreds of starlings and pigeons that roost on the ledges overhead. To end the problem, the state installed spikes, but the birds merely used them to anchor their nests more securely. Next the state spread a sticky goo that was supposed to give the birds hot feet. This did not work either. Then the state set out corn kernels that had been

treated with a birth-control chemical. The birds still multiplied.

Finally citizens offered some ideas for frightening the birds away. One Oklahoman proposed setting up bright red or amber lights. Another recommended pinwheels and bells. The state accepted a third suggestion, from Ornithologist George Sutton of the University of Oklahoma: it set out 48 plastic snakes, coiled and with fangs bared, just below the ledges. This scared away the starlings, but the pigeons got the joke and stayed put. ■

Pot's Big Payoff

They go aloft in spiffy Cessna 310s and cruise the highways in Cadillacs and Lincolns. In bays and harbors, they make waves with rakish speedboats and cabin cruisers. They are Florida's modestly paid drug agents; yet their planes, cars and boats are among the best that money can buy—certainly better than the usual Government issue. For good reason. The expensive equipment once belonged to the smugglers themselves.

By law in Florida, which is the biggest entry point for illegal narcotics from South America, agents must take possession of all transport seized in drug busts. The officers may, in many cases, keep the vehicles for their own official use, or sell them to help pay their expenses. All together, sheriffs' departments have seized at least $6 million in property since 1976. U.S. customs officials alone last year claimed 81 airplanes, 191 boats and 211 land vehicles.

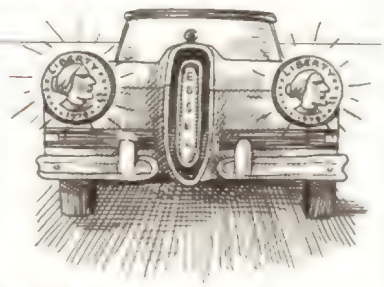
But even as the lawmen upgrade their equipment, courtesy of the smugglers, they find themselves losing out in the war of technology. Drug runners are using ever faster ships and planes; four-engine Constellations, for example, are replacing some twin-engine planes. And some law enforcement officials in Florida frankly admit that they probably stop only one-tenth of the drug traffic, which means that shipments worth upwards of $3 billion a year are getting through.

Marathon Man

Not one to coast on his past achievements, Richard Rodriguez, 22, was riding high last week on the Florida Hurricane near Orlando. He already held four Guinness world records for roller-coaster riding, his first at age 18 with 104 hours aboard Coney Island's celebrated Cyclone. Now he was out for his fifth, this time on the Hurricane, which climbs and plunges along a 3,500-ft. course for two minutes at speeds of up to 60 m.p.h.

Rodriguez had trained for weeks, carefully strengthening his stomach muscles with daily sit-ups and push-ups. Good thing, since he subsisted on pizza, tacos, hot dogs and vanilla milkshakes that were donated by well-wishers. Except for a five-minute break every hour, Rodriguez rode the whirlwind, passing the time by reading newspapers and catching naps. After 173 hours and 3,958 laps, he had set another record. Why does he do it? Said he: "It's like climbing mountains—because they are there. The first 15 hours are the toughest. After that, time and space come together."

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR TIME BY SANDY HUFFAKER



Passing the Buck?

Equality continues to elude poor Susan B. Anthony. The Government honored the suffragist leader with a $1 coin last summer, and critics have not stopped sneering. "The Edsel of coins," said some. Of the 758 million coins that were minted, only about 270 million have been put into circulation. The rest are piled up in banks and the U.S. Mint.

What to do? A University of Michigan graduate business school study suggested phasing out the dollar bill, which would save taxpayers $50 million a year in production costs because coins are more durable than paper currency, but Congressmen balked. More than 60 have co-sponsored legislation to make sure that dollar bills are not taken out of circulation without congressional consent. The Susan B. is still a wallflower, and the time may come when this buck will no longer be passed.

Dial-An-Atheist

Thousands of Americans each day call Dial-A-Prayer in cities across the country for messages of spiritual uplift. Now, in Chicago, the other side is having its say. By dialing (312) 597-2433, hundreds of people every day last week heard this statement: "Atheism is a life philosophy which accepts the fact that there are no supernatural forces or entities. There are no gods, devils, angels, souls, heavens or hells."

The words were recorded and made available as public service and propaganda by Troy Soos, 22, who heads a group of aggressive unbelievers affiliated with Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair. Like so many missionaries, Soos is not into soft sell or subtlety. He informs callers that the Bible is the "Christians' fictitious novel." But many of the people who accept his offer to reply, on a recording device, are equally blunt. Several have expressed regrets that atheists are no longer burned at the stake. One shouted: "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

But in the first six weeks of Dial-An-Atheist, Soos claims that his 25-member chapter has added 70 supporters' names to its mailing list. God willing, he hopes to add many more.

Soviet might on display: a column of eight-wheeled BTR armored personnel carriers along a highway near Kabul

THOMAS STEERS

World

AFGHANISTAN

Props for Moscow's Puppet

Karmal tries for political legitimacy as the rebels fight on

More than five Soviet armored divisions were deployed around his country to help suppress the Muslim rebels. Fortified by what might be called Russian courage, Moscow's puppet President Babrak Karmal tried to improve his image last week, both inside and outside Afghanistan. In an attempt to broaden his shaky political base at home, he announced the formation of a "national unity" Cabinet, giving unprecedented prominence to non-Communist and military leaders. And in an effort to mend regional ties he made flamboyant overtures of friendship to Iran's Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini.

Karmal's political ventures were transparent bids for some popular acceptance to complement the Soviets' military support. According to most accounts, Moscow's occupation force effectively controlled all of Afghanistan's major cities and highways, but still faced considerable resistance in rural areas; perhaps 80% of the barren countryside remained in rebel hands. After a four-day lull, attacks by Muslim insurgents flared again in the northeast provinces of Badakhshan and Takhar. Civil unrest, according to U.S. intelligence reports, erupted repeatedly inside Kandahar, an ancient trading center on the edge of the Desert of Death. Soviet forces also found themselves in confrontation with mutinous units of the crumbling Afghan army; on at least one occasion, at the southern town of Ghazni, they were forced to disarm an entire Afghan rifle battalion.

Rebel bands continued to mount raids against the Soviets' lines of communication. One ambush in the northern Salang Pass, for example, successfully blocked a Soviet convoy of more than 200 vehicles at a 7,000-ft. altitude for almost 24 hours. Yet for all their hit-and-run bravado, it was clear that the rebels were on the defensive, and sooner or later the Soviets would have the insurgency under control. "A besieged government on the verge of collapse has been saved," an Asian military attaché grudgingly allowed. "Shoring up a doomed regime obviously was the Soviets' first priority."

Subdued by the first blizzard of winter, Kabul was regaining a semblance of normality. Soviet convoys no longer growled through the narrow streets at dawn. Curio shops on Chicken Street reopened for business. The capital's telephones were functioning once more, and cross-country buses were running again. But the city was not the same. Soviet officers and political cadres were virtually in charge of the Defense and Interior ministries. Most large police stations now had live-in Soviet advisers. Just outside the city limits more than 16,000 Soviet soldiers continued to dig in.

Among Soviet garrison troops, morale appeared to be high. "We have everything here we could possibly need," a swarthy, French-speaking 2nd lieutenant from Uzbekistan cheerily assured TIME Correspondent David DeVoss, outside his billet. His men were all delighted to be in Afghanistan, he said, mostly because of the perks. "This is a poor country so the only thing we purchase locally is fruit," he said with a smile. "We've brought everything else from the Soviet Union—in our cook tents it's just like eating at home." Best of all, he said, was the special combat pay: 180 rubles on top of his regular 200-ruble monthly salary. "Do you know what 380 rubles is worth? Back home I can live on that for ten months."

Last week a sixth full division of "motorized rifles," as the Soviet army denotes its armored infantry columns, rolled south across the border at Torghondi. It reinforced five other divisions already rooted around every major city in sprawling tent camps that are ringed by 130-mm artillery emplacements. The troops were arrayed around the country in a kind of wheel formation. At its center was an elite airborne division with a main base just outside Kabul, and two mobile units, one stationed due east at Jalalabad and one due west at Shindand. One of the four armored divisions, equipped with heavy T-72 tanks and BMP and BMD armored personnel carriers, was also dug in near Kabul; the three others were fanned out at Kandahar in the south, Herat in the northwest and Kunduz in the northeast. American in-

telligence experts were puzzled by one facet of the Soviet deployment: each division had a full complement of chemical-biological-radiological warfare decontamination units. The most plausible explanation seemed to be that the decontamination units were regularly assigned to the divisions and, in the methodical Soviet way, had to go with the troops even if there was little or no chance they would see action.

Soviet air superiority in the fighting was complete. The airfields at Kabul, Bagram and Shindand bristled with MiG-21s as well as ultrasophisticated MiG-23s; high altitude MiG-25 reconnaissance planes were also spotted overflying combat zones, though they were believed to be based at fields in the U.S.S.R. The Soviet airfields and some base headquarters were guarded by surface-to-air missiles —an obvious precaution in case of foreign attack, but hardly a necessary defense against the insurgents.

Outgunned and outnumbered, the motley, disjointed forces of *mujahidin* —the "holy warriors" as they call themselves—were relying mostly on light machine guns captured from Soviet caches, and automatic rifles or other light arms provided by their Chinese backers. Some carried old Enfield rifles from border villages that have long specialized in handcrafted weapons. Last week, as they had pledged to U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown during his recent visit to Peking, the Chinese stepped up deliveries of arms supplies across the Karakoram Pass into Pakistan; even so, the rebels received nothing heavier than mortars or light artillery pieces.

The guerrillas suffer from other severe disadvantages. There is little or no coordination between different, sometimes rival groups. Their mobility is hampered by the ten-inch snow that covers the mountain passes. In some of the craggy heights of Kunar province, for example, the insurgents are said to be near starvation because food can be carried to them only on foot.

The insurgents' main advantage is a moral and spiritual one. The vast majority of Aghanistan's 14 million to 18 million people are devout Muslims. The Soviet invaders are widely resented, even despised, as godless interlopers, and consequently so is their principal Afghan stand-in, Karmal. The President probably has the support of no more than 10% of the population. "The people question his legitimacy and view him as an atheist who has sold himself completely to the Soviet Union," said a senior Western diplomat in Kabul. "Karmal's No. 1 problem is to get some political support from the people, by whatever means."

President Karmal in a defiant mood

Lip service to Islam was a main theme.

The "national unity" government that Karmal unveiled last week was obviously designed to extend his narrow base. For the first time since Noor Mohammed Taraki's Marxist coup in 1978, the 20-member Cabinet includes three politicians from outside the card-carrying ranks of the ruling Communist People's Democratic Party, as well as five senior military officers. Four of the officers were also named to the seven-member Praesidium, the main executive body. The government grandly announced the disbanding of the dread KAM secret police, which it said Hafizullah Amin had used for "his own criminal ends." The gesture was not likely to fool many Afghans, however, because the same announcement made it clear that the new intelligence service would be modeled on the Soviet KGB.

In an effort to ingratiate himself with the Muslim majority, Karmal also tried to give his government an Islamic coloration. Official broadcasts over the government-controlled radio were preceded by the traditional invocation to "God, the compassionate, the merciful." The ruling party called for religious ceremonies to mark a national day of mourning for victims of the Amin regime.

Lip service to Islam became a main theme in Karmal's diplomatic overtures toward Iran. He fired off a telegram to "Gracious Brother, Most Reverend Imam," the Ayatullah Khomeini. Karmal's message almost reverently appealed for an Afghan-Iranian revolutionary entente based on "Islamic brotherhood" and a shared hostility toward "American world imperialism—the No. 1 irreconcilable enemy of all the people of the world." Karmal promised that his government "will never allow anybody to use our soil as a base against Islamic revolution in Iran"—adding that "we expect our Iranian brethren to resume a reciprocal stance."

The Iranian leadership was clearly not impressed. At week's end Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh instead complained about persistent reports that Soviet troops were massing behind the Iranian border. If that proved to be true, he said, Iran would "protest fiercely."

Ghotbzadeh was not the only one to wonder. Nearly a month after the invasion, Western intelligence officials were still perplexed about the Soviets' strategic intentions. One school speculated pes-

Insurgent guerrillas on patrol in the craggy, snow-covered mountains of Paktia province along the Pakistan frontier

Triumphant rebels standing on top of a captured Soviet-built helicopter

simistically that the number of Soviet troops and the size and sophistication of their weapons were far in excess of what was needed to quell an internal insurgency. Afghanistan, according to these suspicions, could be only a steppingstone on the way to further military aggression, either west into Iran or possibly south into Baluchistan. Straddling both Iran and Pakistan, this area is inhabited by fiercely independent Baluch tribesmen who have long sought autonomy from both countries. The other school maintained that the Soviet move was basically a defensive, self-contained operation aimed at rescuing a crumbling client regime. The military overkill, one Western European envoy argued, simply represented "typical Russian thoroughness—using more force than necessary in order to make sure." In any case, no one disagreed with the argument that the introduction of brute Soviet power into the region had raised a fearsome set of further options—most of them Moscow's. ■

"Our Weapon Is Our Faith"

For centuries Pakistan's North-West Frontier province capital of Peshawar has served as a trading and hitching post between the rising Himalayas to the north and the flat Asian subcontinent to the south. Camel caravans, Scythians, Alexander the Great's Macedonian legions, Mogul hordes, Britain's empire builders and even high-flying U.S. espionage planes have all, at one time or another, made use of Peshawar's strategic semidesert location at the base of the Khyber Pass. Today Peshawar, which is only 34 miles from the Afghan border, has become the principal bivouac and nerve center for Afghan rebels who have crossed the border to escape the invading Soviet troops. Last week, after a visit to the city—whose population of 300,000 has been swollen by thousands of refugees—TIME Correspondent David DeVoss filed this report:

There are at least 60 different rebel factions fighting in Afghanistan. Nearly a dozen of them have headquarters in a reeking slum on the edge of Peshawar's old Afghan colony in the shadow of the old Mogul fortress that still dominates the skyline. On any given night, many of the insurgents traverse the rocky goat paths back into Afghanistan to join 50,000 of their countrymen in trying to gun down Soviet soldiers. Janeb Gul, for example, a 45-year-old wheat farmer, stayed in Peshawar just long enough to buy a rifle and a pocketful of bullets. Carrying a string of prayer beads and joined by three fellow Afghans, he returned to avenge the death of his village mullah at the hands of government cadres from Kabul. When the bullets run out, he will return to Peshawar to scrape up some more.

Men like Janeb Gul are driven by a profound spirit of tribal vengeance that is almost as old as the Hindu Kush. Unfortunately, that same spirit has also kept the rebels from working well together. Liberation fronts and organizations for Afghan unity dissolve as quickly as they are formed. Intertribal conflicts are equally intense. One rebel leader is notorious for eliminating rivals by sending them on deadly undercover missions to Kabul. Complains the Pakistani director of the Commission for Afghan Refugees: "Everyone claims to be in control but there is no authority—only personal enmities." Obviously the formlessness of the rebel organization also makes it difficult for potential backers to know where to channel their assistance.

Still, a few leaders have maintained power. By far the most visible of Peshawar's refugees is Sayad Ahmed Gailani. The 45-year-old Islamic scholar fled Afghanistan with his large family in 1978 and now claims 70,000 soldiers in his National Liberation Front, with another 300,000 Afghans ready to pledge support. Gailani, a past rector of the Islamic Center in Copenhagen who has also taught in Saudi Arabia and Libya, is regarded by his followers as a *pir* (saint), and he claims that his family lineage traces directly to Muhammad. He could become a focus for Western support, although his urbanity offends some ultraorthodox Muslims. Too many of his nephews and cousins—like relatives of Iran's Shah—appear to be dressed by Gucci.

A power grab by Gailani for leadership of the insurgents would be challenged—probably without much success—by at least two other rebel leaders. Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, 32, an engineer who studied at Kabul University, is highly regarded for his administrative skills. But his base of support, an organization called Hezb-i-Islami, may be too rigidly Muslim in outlook for some rebels. Another Muslim group, Jamiat-i-Islami, is led by Burhanuddin Rabbani, 40, a former professor of religion at Kabul University. Although Jamiat is considered more tolerant than Hekmatyar's group, Rabbani has no personal following outside of his native Badakhshan province, and his proposed alternative to Communism in Kabul seems woefully quaint: bring deposed King Mohammed Zahir back from exile in Italy.

All three of these groups have had trouble supplying the rebels in the field, who send back tortuously written pleas for help signed with dozens of thumbprints. One of the saddest realities about the battle is the insurgents' inability to cope with equipment. Although rebel groups have captured Soviet-built tanks, howitzers and even some helicopters, the machinery goes unused because most of the tribesmen do not have the training to operate anything more sophisticated than a bolt-action rifle. Nonetheless, the righteous tenacity of a thousand blood feuds persists. "I am just a mountain man who acts according to circumstances," says Janeb Gul. "Allah will help us because ours is a just fight. Our weapon is our faith."

PAKISTAN

An Army That Needs Some Help

Old trucks, new missiles, tough soldiers and plenty of bravado

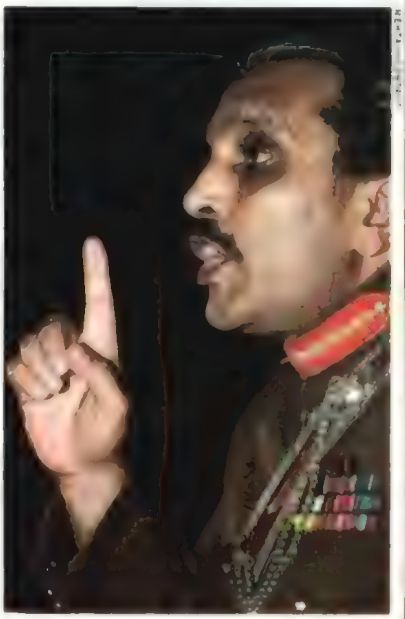
"This is peanuts," scoffed Pakistan's President, General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq. That was his ungracious comment on the report that the U.S. was set to give him $400 million over the next two years to shore up Pakistan's defenses against the potential threat posed by 80,000 Soviet troops in neighboring Afghanistan. Zia's outburst of piqued surprise was a bit unfair since the offer had already been discussed with his chief foreign affairs adviser. In fact, the U.S. was far from being stingy: it was acting out of vital concern for the fate of Pakistan. Seeking to reassure Zia that more support would be forthcoming, Washington pressed forward with quiet negotiations with its Western allies, some friendly OPEC nations and China to establish an informal "consortium" that would supply the Islamabad government with additional military and economic assistance.

How good would Pakistan's forces be against a Soviet incursion? Zia's answer was bold and unqualified. "As far as the Pakistan army is concerned," he told reporters last week, "it is capable of defending our borders against any aggression." That bravado is not necessarily shared by Pakistani military commanders stationed along the country's 800-mile frontier with Afghanistan. An entirely different assessment was given visiting British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington last week by Lieut. General Fazal e-Haq, commander of Pakistan's Northwest Frontier. Pointing across the legendary Khyber Pass toward Kabul, Fazal said that the occupying Soviet armies would be able to strike across the border "with impunity."

Fazal showed Carrington and accompanying foreign correspondents a British-built defense network of underground bunkers, bridges and tank traps that are sorely in need of repair. Reason: Pakistan has concentrated four-fifths of its armed forces along the eastern border shared with its historic enemy, India. Fazal currently commands only two infantry divisions, plus the famed Khyber Rifles formed by the British a century ago. Of the 40,000 men under Fazal's command, 18,000 are paramilitary troops equipped only with rifles.

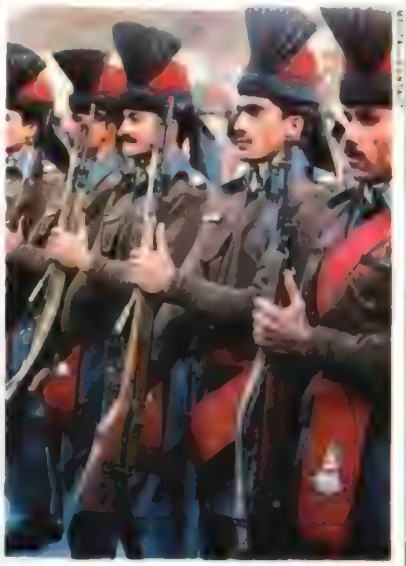
Fazal's divisions are armed with such obsolete equipment as 2½-ton American trucks, reconditioned after the Korean War. Roads in the area are not wide enough for modern tanks, and radar is virtually nonexistent along the western frontier. Nonetheless, Fazal estimated that the border could be made defensible within ten months by widening roads, upgrading communications and improving local railroads. The cost: $1 billion.

An additional $1 billion, however, might be needed for new weapons and equipment to upgrade the Pakistani armed forces. U.S. military experts believe that Pakistan's 430,000 troops are highly professional, tough, disciplined fighters. Says one top Washington analyst: "On an individual basis, the Pakistani soldiers are as good as any in the world. In terms of resisting small units of Soviets coming across a rough border with which the Pakistanis are entirely familiar, I think they'd give an extremely good account of themselves."



President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq

Analysts concede, however, that morale is sagging in Pakistan's volunteer army, many of whose recruits are illiterate 16- and 17-year-old boys from rural backgrounds. Other observers note that the quality of noncommissioned officers is below par because of the inordinate time needed to educate them. In addition, the regular officer corps is below strength because the military regime installed by Zia in 1977 has drawn many top-ranking officers into the civil administration of the country.



Pakistani soldiers on guard at Peshawar

Most of the army is on the wrong border.

On a one-day visit to Washington two weeks ago, Pakistan's senior foreign affairs adviser, Agha Shahi, asked the U.S. for antitank missiles, air defense missiles, combat tanks, field artillery for its ground forces and transport aircraft for its air force. This new equipment is intended to supplement the 60 French Mirage III and Mirage 5 fighters, the 700 Chinese T-59 tanks and the assorted British, Soviet, Swedish and Argentine weapons. Islamabad purchased them—in large part with Saudi Arabian money—after Washington began limiting arms aid to Pakistan in 1965 because American weapons had been used by both sides in the India-Pakistan war that year.

The U.S. is likely to meet many of Islamabad's specific requests. It will not, however, provide Pakistan with attack aircraft and other offensive weapons that are likely to cause alarm in New Delhi. The new government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has been extremely wary of American arms sales to Islamabad because of fear that once again Pakistan's weapons might be turned on India.

Pakistan will also need aid to cope with the unending tide of refugees crossing the mountain passes from Afghanistan. There are now about 450,000 refugees in the Northwest Frontier province alone, many of whom are being sheltered by their tribal cousins in the area, but the countrywide total is expected to reach 1 million by April. This huge population of uprooted peoples represents a threat both to the Soviets and to Zia. The bitterly anti-Communist refugees have no love for the new regime in Kabul; the Pushtun tribesmen in the province have long chafed under Islamabad's callous rule.

If the Soviets were to launch a military attack, chances are that it would be not in the Northwest Frontier but along the 300-mile stretch of border that cuts through lands occupied by the rebellious Baluch peoples, who live astride Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan. The Baluchis, who have long yearned for autonomy, might welcome a Soviet-inspired Afghan invading force that would promise to honor the Baluchis' "legitimate aspirations" —as Afghanistan's new President, Babrak Karmal, has vowed to do. A friendly regime in a breakaway Baluchistan would give the Soviets an outlet to the Arabian Sea at the port of Gwadar and, from there, access to the Persian Gulf. "If I were a Russian," General Fazal told Carrington, "I would take the soft underbelly of Pakistan in Baluchistan and head straight for the warm waters of the Persian Gulf." ■

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IRAN

Political Games and a Presidency

Isolation for the hostages, attention for the candidates

The winter's first heavy snow fell on Tehran last week, blocking the streets and prompting one frustrated U.S. newsman to remark: "The angry gods are speaking." Officials in Tehran and Washington were undeniably angry, whatever the disposition of the gods. On charges that their reporting has been "unfair to Iran and its revolution," the 86 remaining American media representatives in the country were expelled; British and Western European correspondents were put on notice that they might be next (*see* PRESS). The Carter Administration, faced with mounting domestic pressure over the hostages, continued its efforts to organize an international economic boycott of Iran, despite the Soviet veto of a United Nations Security Council resolution calling for sanctions.

Most of America's allies had doubts that the proposed embargo would end the eleven-week-old hostage crisis. They also wondered if the U.S. was wise to go ahead with it in the face of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Iranian Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh boasted that "these kinds of pressures don't deter us at all," and sternly advised other nations to stay out of Washington's "political games." Oil Minister Ali Akbar Moinfar announced that Iran would immediately cut off oil shipments "to any country that joins the U.S. economic boycott against Iran." That threat was particularly alarming to Japan, which is almost entirely dependent on foreign oil, 11% of which comes from Iran.

As the government of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini moved to challenge its foreign critics, it also cracked down on its internal dissidents. Following a week-long series of antigovernment riots by Azerbaijani militants, Revolutionary Guards in Tabriz raided and ransacked the headquarters of the Muslim People's Republic Party, which professes loyalty to Ayatullah Seyed Kazem Sharietmadari. Four people were killed in the predawn assault; eleven dissidents were captured and executed by a firing squad after a summary trial. According to reports from Kuwait, several Iranian army officers were secretly executed for plotting a military coup against Khomeini's theocratic regime.

The 50 hostages held by militants at the U.S. embassy in Tehran sank into increasing isolation following the departure of the American newsmen. John Thomas, a publicity-hungry American Indian militant from South Dakota, claimed to have met with one of the hostages during his visit to Tehran, but gave few helpful details of the encounter. No other outsider has seen them since a group of U.S. clergymen visited the embassy at Christmas.

Last week, however, letters from at least five of the hostages arrived in the U.S. The oldest of the captives, retired Foreign Service Officer Robert C. Ode, 64, had written several of them. In a message addressed to the President, Ode begged Carter to "free us from this terrible situation." An almost identical letter to the Washington *Post* painted a moving portrait of the hostages' mental and physical suffering. Wrote Ode: "We are being kept in semidarkened rooms; our hands are tied day and night; bright lights are kept burning all night and because of the constant noise it is almost impossible to sleep."

There were signs that the militants at the embassy and the Tehran mobs were also tiring of the drama. The first anniversary of the Shah's departure passed with little fanfare on Wednesday. Despite the government's call for widespread demonstrations, only a few scattered groups gathered to burn effigies of the deposed monarch. The following day, however, half a million Iranians jammed the streets of Tehran to commemorate the death of the Prophet Muhammad. Marching past the U.S. embassy, they paused to chant the familiar anti-American litanies. But the hysterical ardor of the past was visibly lacking.

Public attention, meanwhile, has turned increasingly to the Iranian presidential election, scheduled for Jan. 25. Whatever the outcome, Khomeini will remain the ultimate authority under the Islamic constitution approved overwhelmingly in last month's referendum. The campaign started out with 106 candidates seeking the presidency. Among them were several colorful eccentrics that Khomeini described as "brainless or perverts." Ashgar Khoeiny, who is organizing the election on behalf of the Ayatullah, charged that the packed field was "another CIA intrigue meant to confuse public opinion." He thereupon pared the list down to ten acceptable candidates.

The leading candidates are longtime Khomeini supporters: Foreign Minister Ghotbzadeh, Health Minister Kazem Sani, Admiral Ahmad Madani and Economics Minister Abolhassan Banisadr. The lone voice of dissent among the finalists is Radical Leader Massoud Rajavi, whose anticlerical platform is strongly supported by the autonomist Kurds and some leftists. The official candidate of the Islamic Republican Party, the country's largest political organization, was Jalaleddin Farsi, 47. Last week he had to withdraw when it was discovered that he was not a pure Iranian (his father was Afghan), as the new constitution requires.

With Farsi out of the race, Banisadr was the apparent front runner. A relative moderate, Banisadr was ousted from the Foreign Ministry for appearing too "soft" on the hostage issue, but retains a seat on the 15-member Revolutionary Council. Though he is no friend of the U.S.'s, he has repeatedly called for a swift resolution of the crisis—by either releasing or punishing the captives—and a return to some sort of normality. Some Western observers thus see in a Banisadr victory one glimmer of hope on an otherwise bleak horizon. ■

Tehran demonstrators holding effigy of the Shah on the first anniversary of his departure

The chants continued, but there were signs of dwindling enthusiasm.

YUGOSLAVIA

Tito's Health: A New Worry

Will Moscow intervene after the dictator's death?

For 35 years, Yugoslavs have known no other leader. Last week they were resigning themselves to the possibility that the end was nearing for Josip Broz Tito, the country's Communist Party Chief and President-for-Life. A medical team at a hospital in Ljubljana reported that Tito's overall condition was good. But then the doctors admitted that an operation to remove or bypass a blood clot in his left leg "did not achieve the desired effect" and "the condition of the leg was gradually deteriorating." On Sunday morning doctors amputated Tito's left leg below the knee, because gangrene had set in. The aging dictator had consented to the operation, after opposing it initially.

The main risk was that additional surgery might prove more than Tito's 87-year-old body could take, since he has apparently been suffering from arteriosclerosis and diabetes for several years. After the operation he was reported to be in satisfactory condition.

The crisis began on Jan. 3, when Tito was rushed to the Ljubljana clinic, where he stayed two days for tests and diagnosis. Then he returned to his nearby residence at Brdo, a popular skiing area in northern Yugoslavia. Two famous cardiovascular surgeons were flown in for consultation: Dr. Michael DeBakey of Houston's Texas Medical Center and Dr. Marat Knyazev, a Soviet specialist. The unsuccessful operation, however, was performed by a team of eight Yugoslavs.

The prospect of Tito's imminent death revived quiescent fears about what might befall Yugoslavia afterward. Would the polyglot Balkan nationalities that Tito had united into a nation resume their old, antagonistic ways and tear the country apart? If so, would the Soviet Union jump into the disorder to reassert its hegemony over the maverick Communist state?

Moscow was quick to deny any such ambitions. Stories of Soviet intervention in Yugoslavia, complained TASS last week, were "crude and provocative." But with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan fresh in everybody's mind, the disclaimers initially rang a bit hollow. Mysterious troop movements in Eastern Europe gave rise to rumors that the Soviets were mobilizing in preparation for Tito's death. The U.S.S.R. has 31 divisions in Eastern Europe: four are stationed in Hungary, with which Yugoslavia shares a common border. At week's end, however, Washington officials were satisfied that the troop movements involved routine Warsaw Pact maneuvers and were related to events in Afghanistan rather than Yugoslavia. Conscript units were apparently being rotated from Eastern Europe to replace the reserve forces that had spearheaded the invasions.

If an invasion came, observers expect that the Yugoslavs could and would put up a bitter fight. When the Soviets led the Warsaw Pact forces into Czechoslovakia in 1968, the Yugoslav government as a precaution began training civilians in guerrilla tactics. Some civilian groups in their zeal to protect their country even offered to help pay for arms purchased for their units from Western Europe. There are now more than a million of these new "Partisans," who can be mobilized to fight alongside the country's 259,000-strong armed forces against any invader. Says one American military expert: "Clearly, this would be a much tougher nut to crack than Afghanistan."

Taking no chances, the Yugoslav government ordered a low-level military alert. Reservists and doctors were told to stay near home and be ready for a quick call-up. The League of Communists—the official name of Yugoslavia's Communist Party—held a special Central Committee session early in the week, and then began a series of local meetings to brief citizens on Tito's health and to emphasize the state's readiness to deal with "any emergency." All government vacations were canceled, and foreign embassies in Belgrade were informed that Yugoslav officials would not be attending diplomatic receptions. Said one government official: "It's not the time for fun, but to be ready."

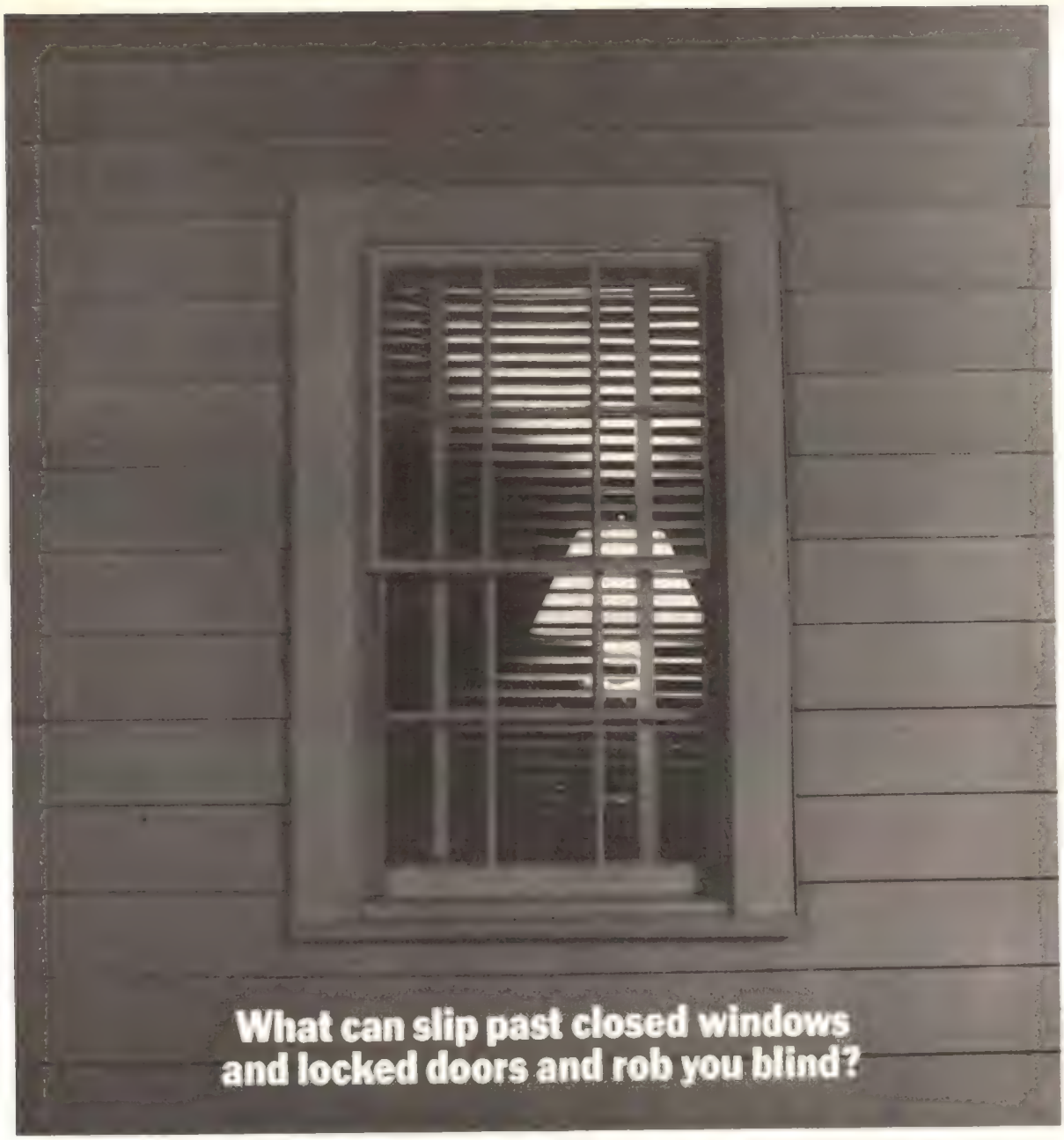
Tito's illness focused renewed attention on Yugoslavia's succession problem. In 1974, hoping to prevent any one of his country's major ethnic groups from dominating the others, Tito set up a cumbersome body known as the party presidency. It consists of a representative from each of the country's six Republics and two Autonomous Provinces, plus Tito himself. During his life, he remains party chairman. After his death, the eight regional representatives will serve one-year terms as leader of the party. A similar rotation system was set up for the less important state presidency.

If Tito were to die in the near future, or prove unable to carry out his duties because of ill health, his successor as titular party boss would be Stevan Doronjski, 60, a Serb, whose term in the rotation expires in May. The state presidency would be headed by Lazar Kolisevski, 65, a Macedonian. Since Tito over the years has systematically purged the leadership whenever he detected opposition to his policies, Western experts assume that Doronjski, Kolisevski and the rest of the party leadership are Tito loyalists who would resist any Soviet blandishments. This does not preclude the presence of a Soviet "mole," lurking within the party and waiting to stir up trouble when Tito dies.

Experts believe there is a high probability of a power struggle that could lead to one individual replacing the collective leadership. Given the deterioration of East-West détente and Yugoslavia's precarious position between the two camps, it is doubtful that many of its citizens are in a hurry to learn who Tito's successor will be. Last week President Carter cabled Tito: "My thoughts and my prayers are with you at this moment." It was undoubtedly a sentiment that most Yugoslavs shared. ■

Tito at New Year's dinner with Internal Security Chief Vladimir Bakaric

Amid rumors of mobilization, the party was ready to deal with "any emergency."



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ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

Triumphant Return of an Exile

But anger and accusations mar the election campaign

"It's a tragedy that we had to fight. But, having fought, let us now say: 'It is all over.' " Those conciliatory words were spoken by Joshua Nkomo after he emerged from a green and white Zambia Airways jet onto the tarmac of Salisbury airport. The bulky, silver-haired black nationalist leader had returned to Rhodesia, after more than three years of exile, to begin campaigning for next month's independence elections. Because of a flurry of death threats, security at the airport was extremely heavy: grim reminders of lingering white bitterness over Nkomo's role in Rhodesia's bloody seven-year guerrilla war. At nearby Highfield Stadium, however, some 150,000 shouting, ululating African supporters gave a tumultuous welcome to the man they call "Zimbabwe's Savior."

Nkomo's dramatic return came at a time of mounting concern over the stability of the month-old cease-fire. Though more than 21,000 guerrilla troops have gathered peacefully at 16 remote assembly camps, several thousand others remain at large in the bush. There have been at least 38 confirmed cease-fire violations and 158 deaths since the agreement took effect on Dec. 21. British officials say Nkomo's ZIPRA forces appear to be honoring the truce far more scrupulously than the more numerous ZANLA troops loyal to Robert Mugabe, Nkomo's co-leader in the now divided Patriotic Front alliance.

A spokesman for Lord Soames, Rhodesia's British caretaker governor, last week charged Mugabe's Mozambique-based forces with flagrant cease-fire violations. Soames extended the state of emergency, which was due to expire this week, for another six months. From the Mozambican capital of Maputo, Mugabe bitterly accused Soames of trying to sabotage his election chances. Said he: "I never knew they [the British] were capable of this dishonesty. It's really shocking."

Mugabe was not alone in his anger. Soames has recently received a barrage of criticism from both Patriotic Front wings, as well as their allies in the front-line and Commonwealth states. Critics of the British viceroy accuse him of blatant bias for authorizing the Rhodesian security forces to track down and shoot guerrillas who "unlawfully" remain outside the cease-fire camps. Claiming that 17 of his men were killed by the Rhodesians last week while trying to get to a camp, Nkomo demanded that the 1,200-man Commonwealth observer force be reinforced by 5,000 or 10,000 additional troops.

The governor has also been attacked for violating the peace settlement by allowing a 250-man South African army unit to remain just inside the border at Beitbridge to protect the vital rail bridge linking the two countries. Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere made blustering threats to break off relations with Britain unless Soames ousts Pretoria's troops and stops deploying the Rhodesian security forces.

Perhaps the most embarrassing rebuke came from the London-based Amnesty International, which charged the British administrators with violating human rights in Rhodesia. This charge stems mainly from Soames' continued detention of political offenders under the state of emergency regulations.

British officials remain confident that the cease-fire will hold, largely because the guerrillas' economically ailing front-line allies are determined to avoid any resumption of civil war. Mozambique's President Samora Machel, for example, supports Mugabe, but he is also committed to peaceful relations with the new Zimbabwe regime regardless of the election's outcome. Machel underscored that commitment last week by reopening his border to Rhodesia for the first time since 1976. Within days, Rhodesians were eating prawns and butterfish in the port of Beira, while Mozambican railway and trade officials were flying to Salisbury to begin re-establishing commercial ties.

The long-range economic and political future of Zimbabwe Rhodesia ultimately hinges on the outcome of the elections. Voting separately, whites will fill 20 seats and blacks 80 seats in the new 100-member House of Assembly. Though no fewer than ten black parties are in the running, the real contest boils down to three men: Nkomo, Mugabe and former Prime Minister Bishop Abel Muzorewa.

Since no one appears strong enough to win an outright majority, some sort of coalition government seems inevitable. Muzorewa, whose party polled 67% of the vote last April (without Patriotic Front participation), should retain a substantial bloc. His party is by far the best organized, and he will surely benefit from the rift within the Patriotic Front. Some observers feel that Nkomo's recently adopted conciliatory tone suggests a pragmatic attempt to forge links with whites as well as other black factions, including members of the Bishop's own party. Mugabe, who has yet to return to Rhodesia and begin campaigning, apparently hopes to win an outright majority and is wary of any political pacts. Thus internal divisions within the black parties could well leave the balance of power in the hands of the 20 white M.P.s and their presumed leader, former Prime Minister Ian Smith. ■

Jubilant Patriotic Front supporters celebrate Nkomo's homecoming in Salisbury

"Zimbabwe's Savior" addresses the faithful

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People

Twenty-four years after her bus ride, Rosa Parks (right) joins hands with Coretta King and Andrew Young

Kingdoms have been lost for want of nails, shoes and horses, but it was not, as legend now has it, a pair of sore feet that spurred the U.S. civil rights movement 24 years ago. Who should know better than **Rosa Parks,** 64. In December 1955 Parks was a tired Montgomery, Ala., domestic who refused to surrender her seat on a bus to a white man. Her arrest spurred black civil disobedience that helped wipe out segregation laws. Honored last week with a Martin Luther King Jr. Nonviolent Peace Prize, Parks joined hands with **Coretta Scott King** and former United Nations Ambassador **Andrew Young** for an emotional prayer service. Then to set the record straight, she explained that she was already active in civil rights when she boarded that bus. She kept her seat because her dignity was hurting, not her feet. "I hope people understand I did what I did not to make trouble or attract attention. But I would do the same thing again."

■

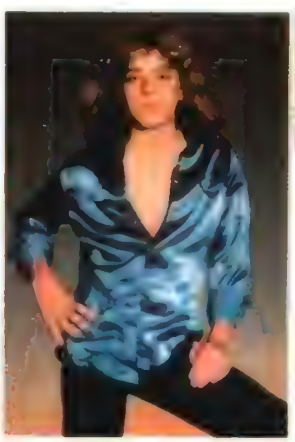
What had a Niagara of cascading hair, a smile like sunrays, some discreet thigh and a revolutionary effect on the poster business? A picture of **Farrah Fawcett,** that's what. The Farrah poster, still the alltime bestseller in a crowded field, pushed aside peace symbols and cartoon characters. Top draws today include such entries as Farrah's replacement Angel, **Cheryl Ladd,** and *WKRP in Cincinnati's* **Loni Anderson,** but Muppetdonna **Miss Piggy** is way up on the charts too, as a kind of ham amid the cheese. Beefcake has sold as well, including young Rock Stars **Andy Gibb** and **Leif Garrett, John Travolta** looking disco-feverish and NBC's heartthrob Highway Cop **Erik Estrada** posing with his CHiPs down. Alas, such posters may soon be passé. Manufacturers report a swing away from pictures of individuals and a renewed interest in, of all things, outdoor scenes, mottoes and geometrics.

■

Henny Youngman had plenty of quips in his quiver for a bar mitzvah in Atlantic City, especially since the coming-of-age ceremony was his own. The comedian, now 73, somehow missed being confirmed 60 years ago. Rabbi **Seymour Rosen** was delighted to go to the gambling casino where Youngman was appearing to correct the oversight, and Tenor **Jan Peerce** was cantor. "Today," cracked Youngman, after reading his prescribed prayers in phonetic Hebrew, "I am a boy." Years ago, he insisted, "you got a fountain pen when you were bar mitzvahed. Now you get a computer." But the punch lines were watered with tears when the new kid in town tried to be serious before 300 friends. "Today," he concluded tearfully, "I am the proudest Jew in the world."

New Boy Youngman with Rabbi Rosen (right) and Old Friend Jan Peerce

Farrah Fawcett



Singer Leif Garrett

WKRP's Loni Anderson

Erik Estrada

It was no surprise that Beautiful-People Photographer **Francesco Scavullo** celebrated his 51st birthday at Manhattan's Studio 54, the tacky ex-TV studio that has been built into the Big Apple's most celebrated disco with the help of hype-hungry celebs. But why was his party so subdued? Why did Co-Owner **Steven Rubell,** 36, cross his wrists as though he were wearing handcuffs? Premonition, possibly. Two days later a federal judge, considering guilty pleas from Rubell and Partner **Ian Schrager** to charges of failing to pay $400,000 in taxes on income skimmed from disco receipts, hit them with 42-month jail terms and fines totaling $40,000.

■

Considering the credits, it could almost be called *All in the Family*: **Paul Newman,** director; Wife **Joanne Woodward,** star; Daughter **Susan Newman,** co-producer. Actually, it's *The Shadow Box*, an ABC-TV movie adaptation of the prizewinning play about three terminally ill patients and their families. **Valerie Harper,** the funny Ms. Nutzy of the *Rhoda* series, plays the deadly serious wife of a fast-fading truck driver. Woodward is a boozing broad who sleeps with anyone. That was the director's idea. Says Newman, who last directed his wife twelve years ago in *Rachel, Rachel*: "I'm sick and tired of seeing her as a librarian or schoolteacher. I want to show them she's a knockout."

■

When your bride is mayor of San Francisco, must you promise to love her honor and obey? Maybe so, when it's **Dianne Feinstein's** administration. Bridegroom **Richard Blum,** 44, an investment banker who met Widow Feinstein, 46, when they were brought together to discuss finances, joined the lady in her mayoral chambers last week to share a prenuptial toast. After the wedding and a reception to which *tout* San Francisco was invited, Blum will discover what it means to take on city hall. The honeymoon includes four days in Washington, where the mayor plans a series of conferences with federal officials.

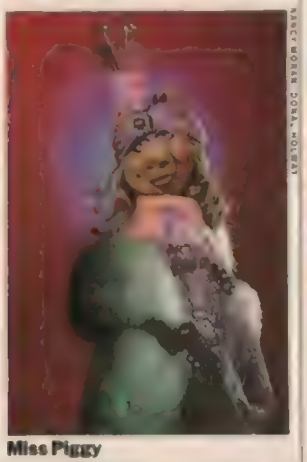
San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein and Fiancé Richard Blum sharing a toast in her city hall office

Rubell: A premonition?

Harper, Newman and Woodward together on *The Shadow Box* set

Cheryl Ladd

John Travolta



Miss Piggy

Andy Gibb

Chief Scientist Donald Drost holds marine-science class aboard the *Westward*

Going to School at Sea

The subjects are science and sailing—for college credit

The only sounds are the creak of rigging and the occasional click of ballpoint pens. Twenty-four students are quietly writing answers on their final exam. Suddenly a cry bursts out: "Everybody on deck!" Off tiny Guinchos Cay in the Atlantic, 20 miles north of Cuba, the 100-ft. schooner R/V (for research vessel) *Westward* is heading for water only three fathoms deep. Exams or not, the students are needed on the double to lower some 7,000 sq. ft. of sail so *Westward* will be moving slowly as it leaves the safety of deep water. The sophomores and juniors, drawn from two dozen U.S. colleges, drop their pens and scramble to their stations, some grabbing halyards on deck, others swinging into the ratlines 20 ft. above.

It is a familiar scene aboard the teak-decked, 250-ton *Westward*, an oceanographic ship that for the past eight years has plowed the oceans for some 280 days each year as a school afloat. The schooner is used for college credit courses in nautical and marine science offered by the nonprofit Sea Education Association, Inc., of Woods Hole, Mass., a one-semester minicollege for liberal arts majors and others interested in learning about the oceans. As SEA's executive director, Corwith Cramer Jr., puts it, "America used to be a maritime nation. Today there are few places where you can learn about the sea. We're trying to reduce what I call maritime illiteracy."

Shooting the sun

The 16-credit program is listed in the catalogues of Boston University, Cornell University, the College of Charleston, Colgate, American University and the University of Pennsylvania. At $3,700, the tuition is roughly equivalent to a semester's tuition at many private colleges.

Some 250 students apply annually for the 144 berths on *Westward*. SEA's usual admission requirements: a B average, capacity for independent study, tolerance for the rigors of shipboard life. Before shipping out, they spend six weeks of Sea Semester at Woods Hole studying marine science (ocean life, geology, currents) and nautical science (piloting, navigation, ship design). In a specially salty course called Man and the Sea, readings range from the romance of the *Odyssey* (Why can't Ulysses work that boat back to Ithaca?) to such down-to-sea realism as *Food from the Sea: The Economics and Politics of Fisheries*. Aided by guest lecturers from the renowned Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, students pick a research topic to pursue at sea.

The excitement builds as students board the *Westward*. They gradually take charge of the schooner's scientific activities, which include round-the-clock net tows to analyze ocean life and water samples daily at depths up to two miles. They hone their seamanship on the six-week voyage, navigating by sun and stars across the open ocean, guiding the vessel through changing weather under the watchful eyes of the ship's mates and captain. Says Captain Sidney Miller, 52: "At first the students can't believe we'll let them make mistakes. But we do, as long as they don't threaten the safety of the vessel."

Voyaging through the Caribbean (and off Nova Scotia, where *Westward* cruises in summer) sounds glamorous indeed, but aboard ship the glamour blurs. Students average only four hours of sleep a night and whirl through a torrent of classes, experiments and deck duties.

"There's more academic stress than I anticipated," concedes Lori Ragosa, 20, who is majoring in international relations at Georgetown University. "At most schools students don't get up at 3 a.m. to work on their projects."

Each student also spends at least one 14-hour stretch chained to *Westward's* diesel stove as "galley slave," cooking for 34 people. Meals are justly referred to as "feeding frenzies." Sample fare: pizza, noodles and beef, fresh-caught dolphin fish. For the most part, the young mariners are too tired for shipboard romance, which is discouraged anyway in SEA literature as "tiresome and destructive" in such close quarters. A student-lettered sign high above deck announces: NO FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING.

Running before the wind

Leaning against the bright white aft cabin, Sophomore Paul McDowell, 19, of Tulane University, recalls his typical schedule for 24 hours aboard the ship this month: "Wednesday, 7 p.m.–11 p.m.: ate dinner, read texts on radar for term paper, slept 2½ hours. 11 p.m.–3 a.m.: deck watch. Assigned as lookout for any approaching sea vessels. Raised and lowered topsail. Thursday, 3 a.m.–7 a.m.: slept. 7 a.m.–1 p.m.: breakfast. Met with ship scientist to plan graphs for research project on the reliability of navigational aids. Prepared graphs. Lunch. 1 p.m.–7 p.m.: directed winch operator in lowering net for ocean tow. Put bottles on wire in

Reviewing notes

preparation for taking water samples. Tied weight to wire. Entered sample data on report form. Attended science lecture. Climbed rigging 40 ft. above deck to change light bulbs in the foremast shroud."

The pragmatic learning by doing aboard *Westward* comes as a shock to many students. "When you get science in school, it's so pure," says Debbie Merrill, 20, a sophomore majoring in environmental studies at the University of Vermont. "You never hear about how the researchers lost some of the sampling bottles in the ocean, or how sick they were at the rail." Arndt Braaten, 19, a junior at Luther College, discovered during spectrophotometric analysis in *Westward's* lab that tiny particles of iron peel away from the ship's hull and form measurable concentrations in water samples taken within a few feet of the ship, a possible source of error in chemical analyses of sea water. Braaten hopes to publish his findings in a scientific journal. Says he: "The sea isn't something you can easily generalize about. It changes so much."

Though the rough and tumble of the sea leads some students to reject careers in marine science, approximately half of the program's 1,100 alumni say they are pursuing related careers—including maritime law, environmental planning, oceanography. A few have even gone to work as yachting and fishing-boat crew.

Captain Miller ran away to sea at age 16. He thinks of the semester as a "total immersion," with an impact greater than the academic work load. "My theory is that people are split apart more and more, alone at home watching television," he says. "At sea they are thrown together as a group. That fills a basic human need. How else can you explain the intensity of feeling the students develop?"

Though it is not billed as an adventure or endurance test, Sea Semester tends to attract students who are tinged with wanderlust. Says Greg Montgomery, 20, a University of Virginia junior: "At school I have a 3.5 average, and I take academics very seriously, but I was getting stale." "Most kids this age are dying for a way to prove themselves," says Cramer. "The Peace Corps appealed to that. How many other ways are there today for a 20-year-old to exercise real responsibility and show that he's good?"

Frequently students tell him that the program has changed them deeply. Paul McDowell, who raced small sailboats before his *Westward* voyage, says the semester has changed his view of the oceans: "As a racer, I've always tried to get from one place to another across the sea as fast as I could. But aboard *Westward* we've learned how to work with the sea. I have learned about what lives in the sea, how we affect the sea. Sailing isn't just competitive now." Explains Chief Scientist Donald Drost, 36: "We're all interested in this because we love the sea. That's why we want to show it to others." ■

Clark Kerr's Valedictory

Excellence vs. *survival*

When a railroad worker retires, the company traditionally gives him a gold watch. When Educational Statesman Clark Kerr retires later this month at 68, his nonprofit firm, the 15-member Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education, will mark the occasion in its own special style, by issuing a 155-page report on a weighty and favorite theme: the equivocal prospects of U.S. higher education.

Entitled "Three Thousand Futures —the Next Twenty Years in Higher Education," the report warns that U.S. colleges are entering an era of "consumer sovereignty." Laws of the marketplace hold that it is good when the buyer is treated like a king. But the council, like most

Retiring Clark Kerr with final report

"On the optimistic side of pessimism."

educators, resists the idea that tuition money should talk too loudly in academia. Schools are already hard-pressed to finance quality instruction in fields like classics and philosophy, which may educate but rarely lead to a paying job.

Besides, budgets are growing tighter. Total enrollment is expected to shrink dramatically from the present record 11.5 million as the last of the baby-boom generation graduate by 1983. Pinched by the loss of all that tuition and by rising costs, schools will be under pressure to hawk their wares in the student marketplace. As the council sees it, the result will be a shift away from traditional academic disciplines and toward instruction in vocational skills like nursing and accounting. The change is already visible in community colleges and lesser-ranked four-year institutions. Observes the report: "Excellence was the theme. Now it is survival."

If schools yield to economic pressures, the council predicts, the considerable esteem in which the public still holds higher education will decline—especially if the 3,000 American colleges begin competing noisily for students and funds. To make matters worse, the council confirms, "fraud, error and abuse" are on the increase among both students and schools. Defaults on low-interest federally insured student loans have totaled $668 million since 1967. And a report by HEW's inspector general says the incidence of fraud and abuse in the $3.6 billion spent on five major student-financial-aid programs may run as high as 10%.

There are some bright spots. The report rejects the standard view that the 1970s was a "decade of disaster" for higher education. In fact, it claims that pedagogically the decade was among the best ever. College presidents surveyed by the council report that the quality of their faculties improved during the 1970s. Average full-time enrollment rose 16% at private colleges, to an unprecedented 2.5 million —though tuition is generally costlier at private colleges and universities than at public ones. Also, state support of higher education hit a record $16.5 billion. Despite its dire warnings of trouble ahead, the council characteristically remains "on the optimistic side of pessimism."

That penchant for the big picture and the balanced upbeat view reflects the style of Council Chairman Kerr, who taught industrial relations before becoming president of the University of California in 1958. It became the country's most prominent model of what Kerr called a "multiversity," a far-flung, state-supported educational emporium that served society in all sorts of ways. While some students were majoring in winemaking or arts and crafts, others were pursuing advanced degrees in psychotherapy or plasma physics. During Kerr's reign, the University of California grew from two to eight main campuses, with 87,000 enrolled students. The multiversity provec all but unmanageable, though for years Kerr succeeded in mediating the divergent demands of students, faculty and California's conservative Regents. But as California schools were hit by the unres: that was soon to turn many a college campus into a shambles, Kerr was attacked by Governor-elect Ronald Reagan. Berkeley, Reagan claimed, was a "hotbed of Communism and homosexuality." In 1967 Kerr was fired. The same year he joined Carnegie.

Last year Kerr let it be known that he planned to retire from the council and devote his time to consulting, lecturing and writing a book on industrial relations. He will also pursue his hobby, growing apples in his Alta, Calif., orchard. The council decided that Kerr was an indispensable man: after five years and 35 comprehensive reports, it has announced it will close its doors at the end of this month. ■

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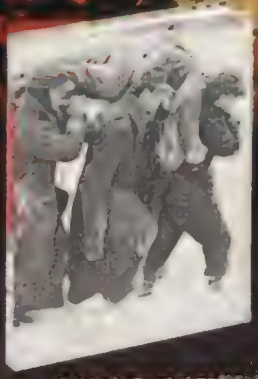

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In the Vatican's Hall of Broken Heads, the Pope (center, in white) opens the conference on the state of the Dutch church

Religion

Washing Dirty Linen in Rome

Pope John Paul II confronts squabbling Dutch bishops

Outside the Vatican's Apostolic Palace, radical Italian protesters last week waved placards declaring SYNOD EQUALS REPRESSION, WOJTYLA GO HOME and WOJTYLA EQUALS KHOMEINI. The gibes at John Paul II were signs of the tension surrounding a meeting beginning inside the palace. In official Vaticanese, it was a "Particular Synod." In reality, it was an unprecedented personal intervention by a Pope to deal with the sorry plight of the Catholic Church in Holland, where the 5.6 million Catholics make up 40% of the population. The bishops are squabbling, attacks on Vatican policy are endemic, and church vitality is ebbing.

The synod met in a frescoed room known as the Hall of Broken Heads (because it was once a storeroom for broken statues). Around the U-shaped table, disputes among bishops quickly surfaced. The key personalities were Johannes Gijsen, 47, militantly conservative bishop of Roermond, and the Primate of The Netherlands, Johannes Cardinal Willebrands, 70, who since 1975 has struggled unsuccessfully to stabilize things.

The Dutch troubles are fairly recent. After the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in 1853, the Dutch church was fervently traditionalist. As of 1939, the tiny country produced fully 11% of Catholicism's missionary priests. But during World War II rigid lines between Catholics and Protestants began to break down, when the two rival faiths were thrown together in resisting the occupying Nazis. In the mid-1960s and early '70s, encouraged by the mood of innovation that followed the Second Vatican Council, the attitudes of many Dutch Catholics changed radically.

Dutch bishops began publishing a new adult catechism, suspect in Rome because it sidestepped such teachings as the Virgin birth. Ecumenically minded parishes countenanced intercommunion with Protestants. Priests who quit to get married were retained on seminary faculties or continued, without episcopal approval, to function as parish ministers. Laymen and -women began to carry out almost all tasks formerly reserved for priests. At a national meeting, Catholic delegates openly derided Vatican policy on priestly celibacy and birth control. Private confession virtually disappeared. There was even talk of breaking away from Rome, as England did under Henry VIII.

In 1970, trying to correct the situation, Pope Paul VI chose conservative Adrianus Simonis as bishop of Rotterdam, stirring up a furor. Even so, two years later Paul added the more hard-line Gijsen to the hierarchy. With encouragement from the Vatican, the abrasive Gijsen set about creating a church within a church. He boycotted the Dutch church's official catechetical institute and its counseling center for troubled priests and nuns. When the Dutch Council of Churches took what he considered too tolerant a line on abortion and homosexuality, he unilaterally pulled out of it, while The Netherland's six other bishops remained in. Rejecting the curriculum of the Dutch church's five official theological schools, he established a now thriving traditionalist seminary of his own.

Holland's Catholics are confused, divided and deeply troubled. Polls show a majority of the membership has strayed from traditional doctrine and has little confidence in the bishops. At the same time, 84% said they were grateful for John Paul's personal intervention in summoning the bishops to Rome. Laments a schoolteacher in The Hague who joined 150 conservatives in a protest to the Pope: "Parents see that their children no longer understand what this church means."

The synod is scheduled to end Jan. 26. No swift or easy solution is in sight. The eventual outcome has import far beyond The Netherlands; for the Dutch church is often regarded by liberals elsewhere as a "pluriform" pattern of the future. If so, it may be a future minus a priesthood. Opposition to celibacy and the Vatican runs so deep that only 15 seminarians sought ordination in Holland in 1978. There are only 2,900 active parish priests left, compared with 4,175 at the close of Vatican II. ■

Crowds in a Pittsburgh coin shop seek cash for their baubles

Displaying the take at a London dealership

People line up at Manhattan

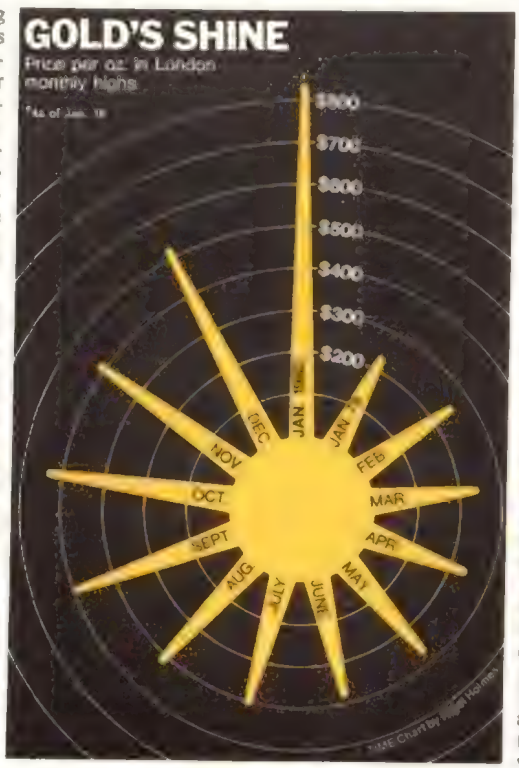
Economy & Business

Stampede for Precious Metal

Bullion goes berserk as investors chase it to wild highs

Spectacular and ever increasing jumps in the price of man's most treasured metal have become almost routine: from $400 per oz. in October to $500 in late December, to $600 in early January. Last week gold left even its most frenzied boosters gawking in astonishment. In five wild and erratic trading days it leaped by an incredible 34%, closing the week at $808 in New York, at $823 in Hong Kong, $835 in London and Zurich.

It was one of the most dazzling run-ups in history, and it underscored the enduring psychological lure of the yellow metal as the most consistently sought-after possession in times of strife and uncertainty. Concludes Sociologist Neil Smelser, author of *Theory of Collective Behavior:* "The gold rush is a classic case of panic. The people who are dealing in gold are operating under the fantasy that the world economic structure is going to collapse. They are living by the myth that the only thing that will survive is gold." Harvard Social Psychologist Roger Brown compares the panic to the rush on the gates of the Who concert in Cincinnati that left eleven dead. Says he: "The fear that they are going to be too late and left out causes people to stampede." Adds Psychologist Edward Taub of Maryland's Institute for Behavioral Research: "What we are seeing in action here is the law of positive reinforcement. Translated into lay language, that means greed."



Even in normal times gold has held a special attraction. As Jacob Bronowski wrote in *The Ascent of Man:* "Gold is the universal prize of all countries, in all cultures, all ages." Charles de Gaulle spoke almost lovingly of "gold, which never changes, can be shaped into ingots, bars, coins, which has no nationality, and which is eternally and universally accepted as the unalterable fiduciary value." From the biblical references to the gift of the Magi, to the modern-day totem of triumph in Olympic competition, gold holds a mystic promise. Says Smelser: "Gold resides in the subconscious of man as a tangible symbol for all the fantasies that are completely positive."

Last week other precious metals continued to share that positive attraction. Silver, which has been climbing along with gold, rose during the week from $39 per oz. to $47. Platinum, the costliest precious metal of all, and one with many high-technology uses as well, climbed to yet another record of $918 per oz.

store to sell their coins and jewelry

Shares of gold- and silver-mining companies leaped on Wall Street, as did the stocks of many so-called asset companies. Unlike financial, service or processing firms, the corporations that possess coal, oil, timber, copper or other resources have assets that retain value no matter what happens to inflation, the dollar or the economy.

Yet it remained the swelling demand for precious metals, and the almost total absence of sellers, that kept markets in a weeklong state of 24-karat chaos. In the burgundy-carpeted, octagonal trading ring of the New York Commodity Exchange, where each day's worldwide price surge climaxed, there was unrestrained pandemonium. Brokers and dealers screamed buy orders in a deafening din that continued practically without interruption from 9:25 a.m. until the closing bell at 2:30 p.m.

In cities throughout the U.S. and Europe, people by the thousands lined up at jewelry and coin shops, lured by newspaper headlines of eye-popping new prices for gold and silver, and even by hourly news broadcasts on the radio. Most sought to cash in on the price explosion by selling their sterling silver table settings, candlesticks, gold bracelets, rings, watch fobs, even cavity fillings.

Have the gold and silver markets lost touch with reality? The answer seems to be yes. At present prices, an ounce of gold is worth more than a quarter ton of hamburger. Seven pounds of the metal would pay for a typical American single-family home. A suitcase of bullion would buy an oil tanker of crude.

Of course, the rise reflects intensifying anxiety over the world situation, particularly the crises in Afghanistan and Iran. Unlike the gold rush of 1979, when fears over the U.S.'s soaring inflation sent investors scrambling for bullion, the panic of the past month or so shows that people have escalated their apprehensions. There is a whole new level of apocalyptic worry about the intentions of the Soviets, the stability of Saudi Arabia, the destinies of a dozen or more nations that are vital to Western security because of their strategic positions or natural resources.

In times of such grave concern people are moved to switch out of paper currencies and into objects that seem immune to political travail. Observes Alan Greenspan, former U.S. presidential economic adviser: "There is a real possibility that what we are witnessing is a flight from investments that require an intermediary, be it government, a bank or any other financial enterprise. In recent months a special premium has surfaced for protection and anonymity. Gold is a store of value that governments cannot seize, devalue or easily confiscate."

Gold fever is especially acute in the Persian Gulf, where petroleum profits are pouring into Arab bank accounts at a rate of $50 million a day. Says Henry Wallich, a governor of the Federal Reserve System: "The gold market now is running in good part on the disorganized state of the world. If I were living in the Middle East I might wonder where I'd be living a year from now, and I might want to have something to take with me." Adds New York Bullion Trader James Sinclair, long a fervent backer of gold and silver: "Under the present circumstances, gold has become an outright escape mechanism."

The immediate beneficiaries of the gold surge are some governments, particularly the U.S., which holds about 8,600 tons of the metal, by far the largest hoard on earth. Last week it was worth some $220 billion, or more than enough to cover the estimated $160 billion in total U.S. dollars held as official reserves by foreign central banks. Technically the U.S. could offer to buy back all those dollars in exchange for gold. Observes a top Zurich banker: "The U.S. Treasury is once again solvent, thanks to the high price of gold."

Still, the U.S. eventually may pay a high price if bullion keeps leaping. The daily jumps add to the inflationary psychology in the nation. If a dollar is worth only one eight-hundredth of an ounce of gold, then it seems to be worth almost nothing. Thinking that, many people are moved to spend their dollars instead of saving them, thereby forcing prices up even higher.

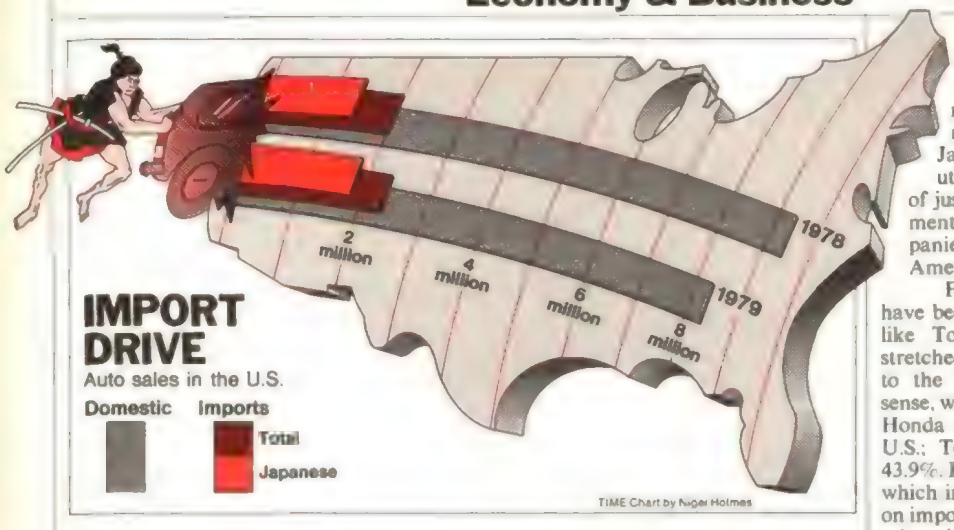
There are indications that the mentality of spend and spend could turn the most widely anticipated recession in U.S. history into nothing more noteworthy than a soggy, sideways shuffle. Last week the Commerce Department reported that housing starts, while still down some 26% from 1978 levels, rose in December by a modest .3% from the month earlier. Personal income nudged ahead 1.1% last month to an annual rate of about $2 trillion. Figures for the final three months of 1979 showed the gross national product inching forward by a 1.4% annual rate instead of falling, as many economists had earlier predicted. Says Economist Otto Eckstein: "There is a real chance that private demand will simply refuse to weaken. Fear of inflation could easily keep consumers borrowing more and more money, and that would keep both spending and inflation high."

More inflationary stimulus could come from big new jolts of defense spending, as well as from perhaps $3 billion in unanticipated federal outlays to pay for the embargoed Soviet grain exports. Says Economist Walter Heller: "The military buildup alone could shorten and moderate the recession. It could hold interest rates up higher for a longer period of time, cause inflation to come down more slowly, and finally, force the Administration to postpone a tax cut."

Tactically, there is little that the U.S., or any government, can do to damp down the inflation-fanning gold rush. In its ill-starred effort to slow the rise in prices through monthly gold auctions during most of 1979, the Administration simply chipped away at its bullion reserves, thus reducing the stockpile at hand to rush to the dollar's defense in a time of monetary crisis. This merely encouraged gold's price to rise more rapidly. Says a top official of the European Economic Community: "Frankly, we have all been a little aghast at the foolishness of the U.S.'s unilateral gold sales."

Yet last week, when Treasury Secretary William Miller declared that no more auctions would be undertaken while the market remained so unsettled, gold traders instantly concluded that the Administration was now willing to see bullion prices rise freely to higher levels; so traders bought still more gold. The Soviet Union, a leading seller of gold to pay for imports of everything from American grain to Western European high technology, last year cut its gold sales from 500 tons to less than 250, enjoying the glittering rise in the value of its reserves in the process. Like oil exporters, the Soviets have discovered that leaving a precious commodity in the ground rather than exporting it simply helps drive up the price. Remarked one cynical Frankfurt banker in a bitter jest: "Maybe the Soviets have held back from selling because they knew they would get a better price after attacking Afghanistan."

Anything that rockets in price as breathtakingly as gold has done could as easily, and abruptly, plunge through the floor. Even a single bit of encouraging news about the Iranian or Afghan crises could start a decline that could bloody the speculators. At week's end there were tentative signs that a sell-off might be in the making. On Wall Street, canny investors were already short-selling shares of stock in gold- and silver-mining companies. Those investors are betting that metals prices will melt. There are, after all, two kinds of panic: to acquire —and to escape. ■



A Made-in-America Japanese Car

Honda Motor decides to open an Ohio assembly plant

With sales falling, plants closing and layoffs spreading in the crucial U.S. auto industry, manufacturers and union leaders have been complaining about the surge of imported cars, particularly from Japan. At last the Japanese themselves are becoming concerned that the U.S. may erect trade barriers. To head off growing calls for protection, as well as cash in on the U.S. demand for its cars, Honda, a scrappy company that was started in 1948 and has become an aggressive exporter to many countries, has decided to assemble cars in the U.S. and compete on even terms with domestic manufacturers.

Some time this year, Honda will start to build a $200 million auto plant next to the motorcycle factory that it has been operating since last September outside Columbus. Stressing that "the quality of U.S. labor has proved on par or even better than that of ours," Kiyoshi Kawashima, president of Honda, said that the company at first will employ some 2,000 American workers and import engines and other components from Japan. Beginning in 1983, the firm will turn out 10,000 Ohio-built cars a month, roughly a third of its 1979 U.S. sales. The models: probably the two-door, hatchbacked Civic, a compact that lists for $4,049, or the fancier Accord, which costs $5,799.

Detroit's leaders hailed Honda's move in the belief that, once weaned from the protection of their government, Japanese firms will have to compete on fairer terms. They will have to pay American taxes, wages and benefits, and incur the same regulatory costs as do American manufacturers. And when Hondas finally start rolling off the U.S. production line, they will face strong competition from new small models, now being designed by Detroit: Chrysler's K car, Ford's Erika and GM's S car.

Yet U.S. automakers and auto workers also noted that Honda's decision is only a small, first step by the auto division of Japan, Inc. For now, two bigger producers, Toyota and Nissan (which makes the Datsun), report that they are studying the possibility of opening U.S. plants. They have said that often before. Complained Douglas Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers: "Promises, promises, promises, but no action. Our efforts at diplomacy are over. Now is the time to take off our gloves. They must limit exports or build over here." Echoed Henry Ford II, chairman of Ford Motor Co.: "I'm tired of this lip service about 'investigating the possibility.' You can study something to death. At some point, they must make up their minds."

Impatience is rising because imports have surged from 12.9% of U.S. auto sales in 1972 to 16.2% in 1978 and a record 22% last year. They will capture 27% of the market this year and 30% in 1981, predicts the Los Angeles–based market research firm of J.D. Power and Associates.

Almost all the increase in the past five years has been due to the success of the Japanese. They have become even more competitive because the decline of the yen against the dollar since mid-1979 has held down the prices of Japanese goods in America. Yet Japanese automakers argue that the major reason for their success is that the U.S. car companies failed to anticipate and exploit the swing to gas-saving small models. That failure certainly contributed to the U.S. success of Volkswagen, which started producing Rabbits at a Pennsylvania plant in 1978, and has experienced such high demand that would-be buyers sometimes have had to wait months for delivery. The company now plans to expand its U.S. operations.

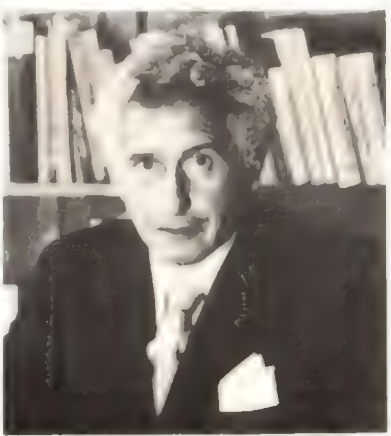
High Japanese government officials fear that their country's auto exports to the U.S. (up 30.5% last year, to a total of $7.8 billion) may lead to protectionist countermeasures. Earlier this month, the Japanese government warned executives of the nation's car companies of just such rising protectionist sentiments in the U.S. Since Japanese companies depend so heavily on exports to America, they are troubled.

For some time, Honda's chiefs have been considering a U.S. plant. Unlike Toyota and Nissan, Honda has stretched its existing production capacity to the limit. Hence expansion makes sense, whether in Japan or overseas. Also, Honda sends 42.9% of its output to the U.S.; Toyota sends 44.6% and Nissan 43.9%. Honda has much to lose if the U.S., which imposes a rather modest 3% tariff on imported cars, raises higher barriers or otherwise seeks to restrain imports, as Britain, France and Italy have done over the past several years. Admits Kawashima: "I would be less than candid if I said I had felt no pressure from the U.S." That observation is in keeping with the principles of the company's founder and "supreme adviser," Soichiro Honda, 73, who was fond of expounding: "When we do business around the world, we have no choice but to stick to the philosophy of give and take." Until now, the U.S. has been doing the giving, but Honda's move could signal a change. ■

Arco's Big Bet

A $25 million solar gamble

"If you are in research and development, it's like playing poker. When you have a good hand, you have to up the ante." So says Atlantic Richfield Vice President Robert Chambers, who feels that the oil company holds some winning cards and that the pot must be hiked. The bet: a $25 million futuristic long shot on Inventor Stanford Ovshinsky, 57, the



Inventor-Entrepreneur Stanford Ovshinsky

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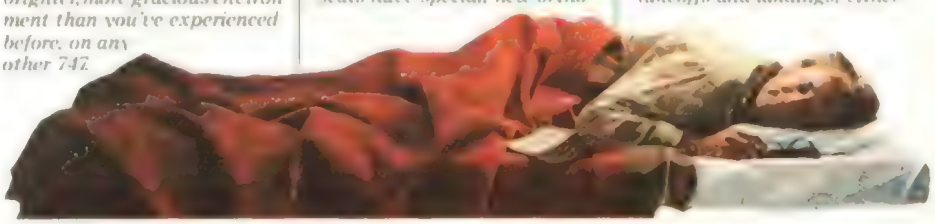

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president, founder and principal stockholder of Energy Conversion Devices of Troy, Mich. Arco, which initially gave ECD $3.3 million in funding last May, now believes the company's research in new ways of converting sunlight into electricity has bright potential. Says Chambers: "The funding is our way of expressing confidence."

Arco's smart managers seem to be making quite a gamble. Ovshinsky is a self-taught physicist without a college degree. ECD, which he founded in 1960, has never had a commercial success, has had only one profitable year (1964) and last year lost $3.4 million (on revenues of $1.6 million, largely from Arco funding for the solar project). The company's over-the-counter stock price has fluctuated sharply. One high came in 1968, after Ovshinsky said in a highly publicized news conference that his research would "transform" the electronics industry.

Last week's pact calls for Atlantic Richfield to help finance joint ventures with ECD to develop alternative energy sources. Using Ovshinsky's theories, the two companies are looking for a much cheaper way to make photovoltaic cells that can convert sunlight directly into electricity.

Ovshinsky also has been working on new materials that could replace, among other things, the silicon cells used to generate solar power, the electronic chips in computer and calculator memories and the light-sensitive chemicals in camera film. If looked at under a powerful microscope, a silicon crystal shows perfectly arranged patterns of atoms. Ovshinsky is working with "ovonic" materials that have disordered or amorphous atoms. He claims that if perfected, these substitute materials could serve just as well and would be much cheaper to make.

Though none of the potential uses of this technology has yet been proved commercially, Ovshinsky has patented 102 possible applications. Several large companies have shown interest and have put up cash to spur development and to buy licensing rights to any end results. IBM and Burroughs bought into new ways of storing information on ovonic memory chips. Eastman Kodak, West Germany's Agfa and Japan's Asahi paid to participate in ECD's work toward a film that might be made without silver.

Though some of the deals are long dormant and none has yet paid off, Arco seems enthusiastic. Claims Ovshinsky: "Since May, all the essential steps for ovonic solar cells have been production-proven, and they have shown themselves to be far superior to anything else."

Arco sees two big potential markets for solar power if ECD's new cells substantially cut the cost. The two: rural areas in the Third World that lack electricity, and big power utilities that need cheap fuel. Says Chambers: "If it all works, we will have an industry in place by the end of this decade." But, he admits, "there are still some cards we haven't seen yet." ■

The Workers Know Best

Boosting productivity and morale with IMPS and VIPS

Like the jowls of an aging Hollywood star, U.S. productivity is sagging, and the blame has been placed on everything from Government regulation to declines in business investment. But experts increasingly believe a primary reason is that remote corporate bureaucracies have isolated workers from all decision making, turning many of them into uncaring automatons.

To change that, more and more U.S. companies are returning the responsibility for solving factory floor problems to the factory floor itself. On the premise that the workers often know best, the firms are forming "quality circles." These are groups of five to 13 employees who volunteer to gather for perhaps an hour each week, on company time, in brainstorming sessions that focus on what can be done to improve output per hour worked. Supervisors lead the discussions and help put the recommendations into practice. The result: bonuses and more job satisfaction for workers plus higher profits and productivity for firms.

The idea is hardly new. The Japanese developed circles after World War II, borrowing ideas from U.S. business theorists, and such groups are considered to be an important contribution to Japan's productivity. Among the U.S. corporations now using quality circles are General Motors, Ford, American Airlines, 3M and Martin Marietta. One of the most enthusiastic, Westinghouse, is expanding the use of circles after experimenting with the idea for 16 months at its Defense and Electronic Systems Center near Baltimore. Notes Executive Vice President George Beck: "This is one of those rare programs that benefit everyone."

The Baltimore workers have christened their circles with such acronyms as VIPS (Volunteers Interested in Perfection), IMPS (Improved Methods and Products Seekers) and TOPS (Turned Onto Productivity and Savings). By any name, they have already generated savings of at least $800,000. Examples:

▸ A group of people who use wire-bonding machines suggested that if a single worker came in 15 minutes early each morning to warm up all the machines, everyone could start work as soon as he arrived. The saving: about $22,000 a year.

▸ Another circle, of people who use color-coded tapes to assemble transformers for radar systems, recommended that each worker be given his own tape machine rather than sharing on a three-for-one basis. The twelve extra machines cost $174, but the company saves some $11,000 a year in production time.

▸ A purchasing-department circle noted that when supplies were ordered, many vendors routinely sent more than requested. The company either paid the bill or shipped the parts back at its own expense. The group tallied all the overcharge costs and found them startling. The solution was to inform suppliers that the company would either keep the extra material or charge for returning it. The saving: $636,000 a year.

For a cost-saving idea, the top award that members of a Westinghouse circle split up is $25,000. Says Earl Crehan, a vice president at the Baltimore plant: "The circles motivated our people. Unless management provides an environment of participation, we will not survive." Adds Georgette Schaefer, the supervisor of one circle: "They have all become minimanagers. They now take the job home with them." ■

In a Westinghouse quality circle, a production coordinator presents a machine-shop problem

Motivated employees who save the company money and take their jobs home with them.

Fund-raising hoopla at a United Way luncheon in Kansas City's Radisson Muehlebach Hotel kicks off a drive that nets $13.1 million

Bearing Alms

Calls for truth in giving

An American tradition that goes back to community barn raisings three centuries ago, philanthropy is now big business, but is it always a truthful business? Cheerful givers usually know precious little about a sector of the economy that in 1978 claimed a record $39.6 billion—an average of $180 for every man, woman and child in the nation—for donations to the Red Cross, United Way, CARE, the March of Dimes and some 800,000 lesser organizations raising money in the name of charity.

To help donors learn more, Carl Bakal, a public relations executive and sometime social critic, has written *Charity U.S.A.*, a $16.95 investigation into how the money is raised and where it goes. Says Bakal, explaining why he wrote the book: "Where the cause is noble, how the money is spent is never questioned. I don't want people to stop giving. I just thought questions should be answered because they were giving so blindly."

Bakal writes mostly of the $21.2 billion that pours into educational, cultural, health, social welfare, environmental and other nonreligious causes. Corporations give about 10% of the total. More than 80% of the donations come from individuals, who, Bakal concludes, are usually unaware, for instance, that an average of 21¢ of each charity dollar they give to health causes is spent on fund-raising costs and overhead. He notes that over the eleven-year period that ended in 1974, the Asthmatic Children's Foundation, according to Bakal, collected $9.9 million, but only about $1.4 million of that ever went to research and the treatment of sick children. The rest was swallowed by overhead.

Bakal chronicles some of the well-known charity deceptions that gulled the generous. Baltimore's Pallottine Fathers, a missionary order, collected about $56 million between 1970 and 1975 to feed and clothe the poor but spent much of it on Florida real estate. Nebraska's Boys Town eagerly solicited funds after it built up a net worth of well over $200 million and an income from investments that was easily enough to cover operating expenses.

Charities, Bakal argues, should be subject to some truth-in-giving regulation. He charges that, in its fund-raising appeals, the Red Cross often avoids mentioning that it helps servicemen with financial aid and counseling. Instead, the organization promotes its more popular activities, notably disaster relief.

Bakal also takes aim at the United Way, the nation's largest fund raiser; it collects more than $1 billion annually and aims to triple the total by 1985. Most of the money comes from payroll deductions. Bakal cites evidence that some companies strongly pressured their employees to donate their "fair share." A Pacific Telephone & Telegraph executive, he says, threatened to deny raises to those who would not contribute; Ohio Bell Telephone recorded the names of those who canceled or reduced their pledges; Northwestern Bell Telephone workers were told by supervisors and union stewards how much to give.

In riposte, William Aramony, the head of the United Way, accuses *Charity U.S.A.* of being superficial and doing "a disservice to all philanthropy." Other critics charge that Bakal is out of date. Two of his main conclusions are shaky. He suggests that a new federal agency should regulate charity much the way that the Securities and Exchange Commission regulates securities transactions. He also believes that most functions of philanthropy should be taken over by the Government. Few taxpayers will agree that the U.S. needs another bureaucracy or more federal spending. For all the book's flaws, anyone who has the stamina and sharp eyesight to get through 459 pages closely set in tiny type will rightly demand to know more about what his favorite charity is doing with his hard-earned dollars before he writes another check. ■

Use for Gunk

Throwaway oil makes good

Every year Americans throw away enough oil to fill 15 supertankers. The waste, which runs to 1.1 billion gallons, is the glop that is drained from industrial machinery, buses, trucks and the crankcases of cars at every oil change. The gunk is so grimy that it is usually just sold for pennies per gallon to waste oil dealers.

In Europe, many gas station owners sensibly save the used oil and burn it to heat their workrooms. Now a growing number of U.S. gas stations and auto salvagers are doing the same. They are installing so-called junk oil furnaces that utilize an idea pioneered 17 years ago by a West German garage owner, Walter Kroll, who developed a waste oil burner to save on heating costs for his shop.

At least half a dozen U.S. manufacturers are now rushing to bring out competing products. Tri-State Products of Fombell, Pa., has sold 1,800 of its $1,200 "Hooter" furnaces. Bigger waste oil furnaces, capable of heating entire factories, are being marketed by Pittsburgh's Dravo/Hastings Corp.

The devices basically resemble the oil burners in any homeowner's basement. But to remove the sludge, the furnaces use either filters or vaporizers, which heat the fuel so that the dirt and grime drop to the bottom.

Savings on heating bills can be considerable. Aaron Zuckerman, owner of a car wrecking yard in Winchester, Va., installed a junk oil furnace in his warehouse last December and has cut his heating fuel bill from $600 a month to nothing.

Junk oil furnaces are economical only in service stations, factories or other industrial enterprises that generate waste oil. Homeowners would not want to use the devices because buying, transporting and storing the fuel would be a problem. For all that, the heaters make an important point: even so lowly a product as junk oil from a jalopy can help the nation conserve energy. ■

A billion dollars just doesn't go as far as it used to.

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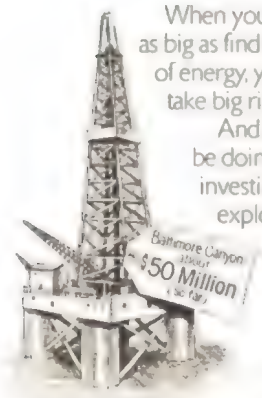

When you've got a big job to do, a job as big as finding and developing new sources of energy, you've got to be prepared to take big risks and make big commitments. And that's exactly what Texaco will be doing over the next 5 years, by investing over $10 billion in capital and exploratory expenditures. These are just a few examples.

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For example, we've spent the last 3 years exploring off the coast of New Jersey in the Baltimore Canyon. And recently found the first confirmation of natural gas.

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Texaco's developed a process to turn coal, America's most plentiful energy resource, into a clean-burning gas. That gas could be used by utility companies instead of oil to generate electricity.

Several years ago we constructed a pilot plant in Montebello, California, and now, with other organizations, we have announced plans to build a major coal gasification demonstration plant.

When used commercially, this process could save millions of barrels of fuel oil each year.

Millions of barrels locked in shale.

Right now we're working on an experimental project in Utah that may prove to be the key to extracting oil locked in rock-like formations called oil shale. Until now, conventional methods of recovery have been uneconomical.

But the use of new high-frequency radio wave technology could open the door, and the benefit could be enormous.

Bigger, better, more efficient refineries.

A lot of our $10 billion investment will go toward developing new sources of energy. But not all of it.

Texaco is also committed to improving and expanding its refining facilities. This expansion will allow us to make better use of some of the more available crudes to bring you gasoline, heating oil, and other necessary petroleum products.

Our investment should pay off in more energy.

At Texaco, we're working on a lot of projects that are extremely capital intensive, that is, they'll require a lot of money. Money that must be put to work now, and in the future, to get you more energy. Most of the money we'll be investing will come from our earnings. Finding energy may not be cheap, but it is critical.

That's why Texaco is committed to putting more than $10 billion to work over the next 5 years in an effort to bring you the energy you need.

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.

The Selling of the Super Bowl

One thousand reporters meet 3,000 stuffed chicken thighs

Surrounded by 20 reporters one day last week, Fred Dryer of the Los Angeles Rams recounted how he and former Teammate Lance Rentzel attended the 1975 Super Bowl as accredited correspondents for *Sport* magazine. "We acted just like regular beat-reporters would," he said. "We ate and drank free all week, but we were unbelievable tippers. We slept in our suits. We blurted questions. We weren't interested in answers, and we didn't wait for them."

His listeners laughed heartily, if a mite uneasily. Dryer's caricature bore more than a passing resemblance to the 750 reporters and 300 photographers who descended on Los Angeles last week to watch the Rams and Pittsburgh Steelers collide in Super Bowl XIV. For seven days, the National Football League virtually immobilized the journalists in a thick public relations syrup. Upon arriving they were given a designer carryall, a briefcase and enough press handouts to reconstruct a tree. They were bused to mind-numbing press conferences and interview sessions, and courtesy cars were available if they wanted to take a drive. Coffee, juice and pastry were served gratis every morning at press headquarters, and its free bar was open from 2 p.m. to midnight.

On Friday night most of the press corps turned out for the Super Bowl Hop at the Pasadena Center, where 3,000 people listened to Tex Beneke and Woody Herman while wolfing down 3,000 stuffed chicken thighs, 5,000 barbecued beef ribs and a ton of linguine. On Sunday two brunches and a postgame buffet were booked. Said John Schulian of the Chicago *Sun-Times*: "These people don't miss a trick."

The N.F.L. provided 110 typewriters and 40 video display terminals at the Los Angeles Marriott Hotel, where most of the journalists were staying. Each day league publicists churned out highlights of the coaches' press conferences and quotes from leading players. During the game, the league p.r. staff was geared to provide play-by-play summaries and a blizzard of statistics, and planned to produce 15 legal-sized pages of player quotes within hours of the final gun. Newcomers were left slack-jawed. Says Mike Tierney of the St. Petersburg (Fla.) *Times*: "You could cover this thing without ever leaving the hotel."

Steelers Linebacker Jack Lambert confronts a hungry press over breakfast

"You could cover this thing without ever leaving the hotel."

All that flackery once again left the N.F.L. open to charges that it was trying to manage the news. But Jim Heffernan, director of public relations, strongly disagreed: "It's tightly scheduled rather than tightly managed. It's the only way the teams could possibly satisfy 1,000 members of the media. We're not selling the Super Bowl. The game sells itself."

The sale was not, however, accompanied by much hard news. "You don't score scoops out here," said Dick Young of the New York *Daily News*. Leigh Montville of the Boston *Globe* described it as "the great American theme contest. There's no story so everyone sits down and tries to manufacture one."

One partially redeeming circumstance was the presence of the Rams, instead of the exhaustively covered Dallas Cowboys. "At least we had a new act," said Dave Anderson of the New York *Times*. The star was Rams Owner Georgia Rosenbloom, a former showgirl who writes poetry on the side. Her temperamental players, who felt the fans and the writers were belittling their talents, made headlines by threatening to boycott the press. Cracked Frank Dolson of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "My greatest disappointment of the whole Super Bowl was that they didn't."

Many writers tried gamely to avoid Superclichés. No one did it as well as Milton Richman of U.P.I. and Dave Brady of the Washington *Post* two years ago —they visited a leper colony 50 miles from New Orleans and came across a high school teacher of Viking Coach Bud Grant—but some entertaining yarns were spun nevertheless. Ram Linebacker Jack Reynolds got plenty of ink with successive versions of how he once sawed a car in half ("13 blades and eight hours"), and Teammate Jack Youngblood was, er, cast as a pregame hero because of his decision to play with a hairline fracture in his left shinbone.

Perhaps unavoidably, a pack formed at the first whiff of a fresh angle. One morning a half dozen writers discovered Cliff Stoudt, the third-string Steeler quarterback who has yet to get into a game in his three-year career. ("Just once I'd like to wake up sore on Monday morning.") For the Super Bowl press, it was the equivalent of spotting Lana Turner at Currie's Ice Cream Parlor on Sunset Boulevard. The next day Stoudt had almost as many interlocutors as Terry Bradshaw, the team's all-pro quarterback.

To relieve their ennui, some reporters played cards—one year their traditional game was busted by hotel detectives—or hung out at the Ginger Man in Beverly Hills, ogling California womanhood. The annual Super Bowl hooker invasion left them unscathed for the XIVth consecutive year. "The only guys with any money are giving it to each other in poker games," explained George Kimball of the Boston *Herald American*. In any case, the scribes can be kinky customers, as one working woman learned not long ago when she approached Woody Paige of Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*. Said she: "For $100, I'll go back to your hotel room and do anything." Said he: "How 'bout a column and a sidebar."

The writers also relaxed by playing in N.F.L.-sanctioned golf and tennis tournaments and taking N.F.L.-provided

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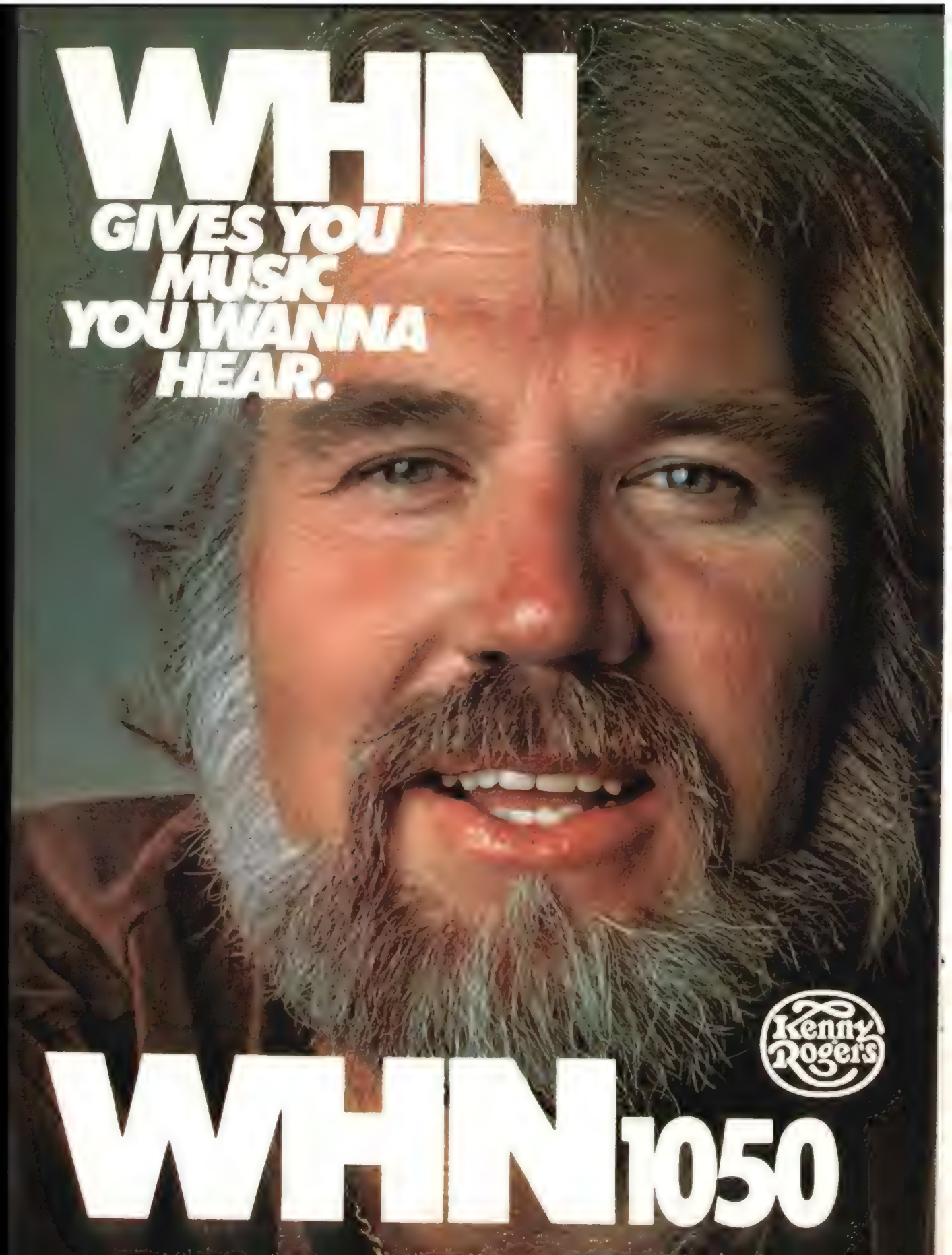
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buses out to the races at Santa Anita. Their attachment to such warm-weather pursuits has already dampened enthusiasm for the Super Bowl two years hence in Pontiac, Mich. Joked Dave Anderson: "We'll all arrive the morning of the game." But golf or no golf, there probably will be few no-shows. "You've got to be where the action is," said Morris Siegel of the Washington *Star*. "If they played this game in the holy city of Qum, all the writers would still be there." ■

The Assassin

A bone-jarring autobiography

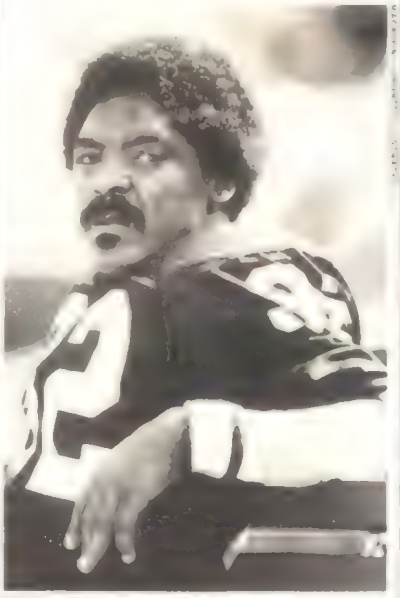
His team failed to reach Super Bowl XIV, but Oakland Raiders Safety Jack Tatum is making his presence known off the field with about as much impact as the bruising tackles that have made him one of football's worst-feared defensive players. Tatum, who left New England Patriots Receiver Darryl Stingley paralyzed from the neck down after a 1978 encounter, has set down a chilling account of his violent career. The book, written with Pro-turned-Journalist Bill Kushner, was published last week (Everest House; $9.95). Its grisly title: *They Call Me Assassin*.

Tatum takes pride in his work. "I like to believe that my best hits border on felonious assault," he writes, "but at the same time everything I do is by the rule book ... My style of play is mean and nasty, and I am going to beat people physically and mentally, but in no way am I going down in the record book as a cheap-shot artist." He explains the now-outlawed "Hook" tackle taught to him by fellow Safety George Atkinson as "simply flexing your biceps and trying to catch the receiver's head in the joint between the forearm and the upper arm. The purpose of the Hook was to strip the receiver of the ball, his helmet, his head and his courage." The best hit of his career, Tatum recalls, was a Hook to Riley Odoms of the Denver Broncos: "I heard Riley scream on impact and felt his body go limp." (He was not seriously injured.) That kind of fun soon had Tatum vying with Atkinson in a gruesome covert race for the most "knockouts," or players left unconscious (two points), and "limp-offs" (one point). Crows Tatum: "Guess who won?"

About his injury to Stingley, Tatum says, "It was one of those pass plays where I could have attempted to intercept, but because of what the owners expect of me when they give me my paycheck, I automatically reacted to the situation by going for an intimidating hit." He adds in passing regret: "When the reality of Stingley's injury hit me with its full impact, I was shattered. To think that my tackle broke another man's neck and killed his future ... well, I know it hurts Darryl, but it hurts me, too."

That admission has done little to soothe Stingley, who calls the book "a slap in everybody's face." Says he: "The bottom line is I feel sorry for the guy." Not so Stingley's attorney Jack Sands, who has asked Football Commissioner Pete Rozelle to ban Tatum from the game. Preoccupied with the Super Bowl, Rozelle has yet to take any action. He was, however, heard to mutter a few words about Tatum's cheek: "That's asking for it. Unbelievable." A number of players have joined the chorus. "Mean" Joe Greene of the Pittsburgh Steelers says flatly, "We're sportsmen, we're athletes. We shouldn't be anything else." Adds Dave Elmendorf of the Los Angeles Rams: "I think [Tatum] is in a minority of one."

Perhaps. But even if Tatum is the only savage-minded safety in professional football—and that seems dubious—his case is complex enough to merit consideration. For while his "confessions" may be tasteless and disturbing, he tempers them with a sort of pathetic self-pity ("I am not an assassin, but rather a human being with a deep compassion for little children"). He also tells of a ghetto boyhood in Passaic, N.J., and football as his only way out. At every stage of his career, Tatum says, he has been judged mostly by how hard he hits, first by a shrewd high school coach, later by Ohio State's notorious Woody Hayes, and finally by the Raiders. If he has done his job too well, the rules of the game are partly at fault, Tatum insists, and he proposes reforms: banning quick slant-in passes that leave receivers little running room, zone defenses that give a Tatum too much time to zero in on his target, and linebacker blitzes that take a heavy toll on quarterbacks. As for the spirit of the game that he so crassly violates, he can hardly be excused. But there are others to share the blame: the Raiders' owners, coaches and fans who pay Jack Tatum to be their "assassin." ■



Oakland Raider Jack Tatum

"I heard Riley scream on impact ..."

Science

Genetic Coup

E. coli *makes interferon*

Almost from the time of its accidental discovery by scientists in England in 1957, interferon has been the stuff of researchers' dreams. A complex bodily protein, it possesses both antiviral and antitumor properties, which means it could become an important new weapon against a wide range of diseases, from the common cold to certain cancers. But it takes 65,000 pints of blood to get just 100 mg (.0035 oz.) of the protein, so testing of the possible miracle drug has been severely limited. Now, as a result of another application of gene-splicing, or recombinant DNA, techniques, all that may change. In Boston last week molecular biologists announced that they had induced tiny bacterial "factories" to copy human interferon.

Ordinarily, interferon is produced by virtually all cells in the human body, which get their instructions for making it from a specific gene in their DNA; these are passed on to the cells' protein-manufacturing sites by a genetic molecule known as messenger RNA. But for Hungarian-born Charles Weissmann of the University of Zurich, and his Swiss, Finnish and Japanese colleagues, the natural process was only a starting point. After extracting messenger RNAs from human white blood cells, which were producing interferon, they used these molecules to generate sections of DNA that they hoped would include the required gene. They then spliced these fragments into the genes of a laboratory strain of *E. coli* bacteria. The bacteria began to make copies, or clones, of their altered selves.

Eventually, the team produced some 20,000 clones. But which ones carried the crucial interferon DNA? Analyzing them in successively smaller groups—first 500 at a time, then 64, then eight—the scientists isolated their genetic needle in the haystack: the bacteria that carried the DNA for interferon. After they found one such bug, they could easily identify others and extract the DNA fragments. The team spliced them into different places in *E. coli*, and, presto, the bacteria began cranking out a close facsimile of the human protein.

The amount of interferon made by these bacterial minifactories was extremely small and impure. But the researchers, who did their work on behalf of Biogen S.A., a Swiss-based firm set up to exploit recombinant DNA technology, hope to produce larger quantities of purer material. The ultimate goal: to bring down the cost of an injection of interferon from today's price of $75 a shot to as little as $1. ■

Medicine

Junkie King

Presley as a popper

After Elvis Presley was found dead on his bathroom floor in Memphis on Aug. 16, 1977, the county medical examiner ruled that the king of rock 'n' roll had died of natural causes. The verdict: cardiac arrhythmia, perhaps brought on by longstanding hypertension and atherosclerosis. But rumors, fed by a toxicology study showing traces of at least ten prescription drugs in his body, soon circulated depicting Presley as a medication junkie who had fallen victim to his habit. There was even talk of a "drug trailer" with a live-in nurse on the lush grounds of his Graceland mansion.

During all this speculation, Presley's personal physician, George Nichopoulos, 52—or "Dr. Nick," as the affable, white-haired Memphis practitioner was known in the Presley household—steadfastly maintained that any drug abuse by the singer was "accidental." But last fall the Tennessee board of medical examiners filed a 59-page complaint against Nichopoulos, charging him with indiscriminately prescribing uppers, downers, tranquilizers and narcotics for Presley and 19 other people, including Singer Jerry Lee Lewis. (The state pharmacy board filed its own charges against Memphis Druggist Irving Jack Kirsch, who had filled many of Presley's prescriptions.) According to the complaint against Nichopoulos, he wrote orders for 12,000 pills and vials of potent drugs for Presley in the final 20 months of the singer's life, including Quaalude, Dilaudid, Amytal, Dexedrine, Valium, Demerol, Carbrital, Placidyl and Percodan.

Last week, under the glare of TV lights, the board of medical examiners opened a hearing into its charges. Dr Nick was among the first to testify. Recalling an association that began in 1967 when he treated the star for saddle sores, he painted a fascinating, depressing picture of life with the king:

▸ Presley was probably addicted to the painkiller Demerol and barbiturates as well. Twice, in October 1973 and again in March 1975, he was hospitalized, and attempts were made to wean him off drugs, one time using methadone. But Presley was so distrustful of his doctors after learning they were psychiatrists that he refused any further treatment.

▸ On tour, Presley routinely popped pills to go to sleep, before and after shows, and to wake up. Nichopoulos always took along three suitcases full of medical "supplies," including a large assortment of stimulants, depressants and painkillers ("So we wouldn't have to rely on an emergency room before a show"). The 70- to 100-member entourage also drew freely from this pharmacy—"if the need arose." But Nichopoulos is unsure who was getting what: "I have no records at all."

▸ Prescriptions meant for others were usually written in Presley's name because he felt compelled to pick up the tab. Once, though, before a 1977 Hawaii tour, Nichopoulos wrote ten prescriptions (550 tablets) for himself, then gave the drugs to Presley. Said Dr. Nick: "I felt if I charged him for the medication, his father would blow a gasket."

▸ Nichopoulos, who said he acted like a brother, father and counselor to his patient, occasionally tried to placate Presley with placebos. But the singer, who kept his own medical reference books, was apparently too shrewd for these ploys. After

Dr. Nick listens to testimony

Three suitcases full of "supplies."

he confided what he had done, Dr. Nick said, Presley replied that he knew it and that he was just playing along.

Though Dr. Nick's testimony portrayed Presley as heavily dependent on drugs, there was still a question whether they killed him. The drugs found in Presley's body, some medical observers noted, were not at lethal levels and his longtime abuse of medication probably made Presley tolerant of high amounts. Still, several of the drugs, taken in conjunction, could have interacted with each other and produced a fatal synergistic effect. And there is no doubt that, whatever his other problems, there was no medical justification for the voracious way Presley took drugs. At week's end, the Tennessee board voted unanimously to suspend Dr. Nick's license for three months—but only after praising him as a valuable member of the medical profession. ■

Smoke Signs

New alert for women

For years women had the consolation that cigarette smoking was somehow more hazardous to men. No longer. In a 400-page report to Congress last week, Surgeon General Julius Richmond said that women face the same dangers in smoking as men. Indeed, lung cancer deaths among women are rising so rapidly that by 1983 the smoking-related disease should overtake breast cancer as the leading cancer killer of U.S. women. The reason, says Richmond, is that so many women picked up the habit during and after World War II, a full 25 years after men did; and lung cancer often takes that long to develop.

The report also emphasized that pregnant women who smoke risk spontaneous abortion and neonatal death, and that their babies weigh an average 200 gm (7 oz.) less than those of nonsmoking mothers. And though smoking among both men and women overall has declined, young women between 17 and 24 are now outsmoking their male peers. ■

Drug Patrol

Olympic watchdogs are ready

It has been the talk of the locker rooms for years. East Germany's muscular women swimmers are suspected of training on body-building anabolic steroids. So are weight lifters, shotputters and javelin and discus throwers of many countries. Soviet female gymnasts have been accused of taking pituitary blockers to slow down growth. Swimmers, runners, cyclists and hockey players are widely believed to compete while "hopped up" on stimulants, especially amphetamines. Though practically all drug use is forbidden under Olympic rules, competitors, coaches and sports physicians alike say flatly that the taking of drugs is widespread

Now, on the eve of the 1980 Winter Games in Lake Placid, N.Y., next month, the International Olympic Committee's medical commission is determined to keep competition "clean" this time around. Says William Shuler, a former Canadian armed forces officer who will be director of medical services at Lake Placid: "Anyone who might be considering using drugs should be warned. He's more than likely to get caught."

Entrusted with the policing effort are Pharmacologist Robert Dugal and Chemist Michel Bertrand of Montreal's National Institute for Scientific Research. The two men, who performed similar duties at the 1976 Montreal Olympics, are armed with millions of dollars worth of sophis-

ticated laboratory equipment, including 16 gas chromatographs, four of them linked to mass spectrometers. The devices are sensitive enough to pick up one trillionth of a gram of amphetamine in a urine sample. They can also detect other stimulants and painkilling narcotics taken 72 to 96 hours before the test and steroids used as long as six or seven weeks in advance of the competition

The tests will be administered to two athletes selected at random from each team in every game played and to any athlete whose performance seems unusually good. In individual events, the first four finishers will be tested, as will two or three competitors chosen at random. Within an hour after the event, the athlete will be sent to a testing site where at least 50 milliliters (less than 2 oz.) of urine will be collected. The sample will be sent to the laboratory in two bottles: one will be stored in a sealed box in a refrigerator; the other specimen will be analyzed immediately. The urine will be placed in the gas chromatograph, which separates out constituent elements one by one. For example, amphetamines come out in three minutes, narcotics and steroids in about 20 minutes. Their presence is signaled by a "spike" in a pengraph tracing made by the machine. No spike, no drugs.

If the test is positive, though, the drug will be identified by the mass spectrometer. This device, by bombarding the drug molecules with ions (charged particles), produces a pattern, or "fingerprint," of the unknown chemical. Since each drug's fingerprint is unique to it, the chemical can be readily identified. If a forbidden drug is detected, the Olympic medical commission will inform the chief of the athlete's delegation of the incriminating results, and a test on the refrigerated sample is done. If the first results are confirmed, the game is forfeited and the athlete may face losing a medal and being disqualified from the Olympics

Dugal and Bertrand plan to analyze the urine of 175 athletes every day. And lest any think that they are home free after a clean test, there is the cautionary tale of the East bloc Weight Lifter Valentin Christov. After an early test at the Montreal Games showed that he was clean, he apparently began stoking steroids. A gold medalist, he was automatically selected for a second test. This time the drugs were detected in his urine and he lost his medal and went home in disgrace.

Dugal and Bertrand expect such incidents to be the exception, however, even though they will be using vastly more sensitive equipment than in Montreal. During the 1976 Games, 2,049 tests produced only eleven positives, eight of which were for anabolic steroids. A similarly small tally at Lake Placid would please Dugal. Says he: "We're not there so much to catch people using drugs as to discourage them from doing so. I'd be happy if we didn't get a single positive reading." ■

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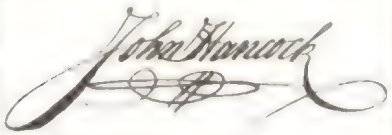
Nowadays, Writing Is off the Wall

So say the nation's penmakers, and they have a point

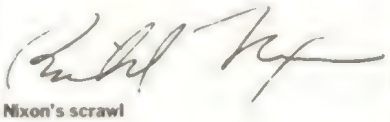
Nearly everyone has had the frustration of receiving a phone message, restaurant bill, mechanic's receipt or note from the boss that turns out to be about as easy to decipher as Egyptian hieroglyphics. Weaned as they are on telephones, typewriters, computer print-outs and other communications gadgetry, Americans have simply forgotten how to write clearly —when they write at all. So bad is the situation that the Writing Instrument Manufacturers Association, which annually celebrates John Hancock's birthday, Jan. 23, as National Handwriting Day, has decided that it is "hopeless" to go on using



The standard-setting signature

the occasion to promote legibility in signatures. But the retreat is only partial. Says Frank L. King, W.I.M.A.'s executive vice president: "We may have weakened on signatures, but not on anything else. We will continue to vigorously provoke people's awareness of bad handwriting."

By W.I.M.A.'s reckoning, business loses as much as $200 million yearly as a result of illegible records and messages. Sloppily filled-out returns hamper tax collection, while indecipherable addresses account for much of the 38 million pieces of mail that wind up in dead-letter offices at a cost of nearly $4 million a year for extra handling.



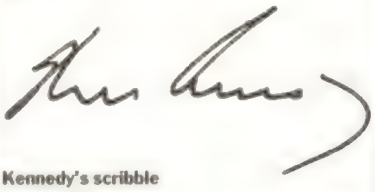
Nixon's scrawl

Rotten writing is scarcely a new problem. Napoleon's script was so miserable that one of his generals once mistook a letter of his for battle orders. Charles Hamilton, a Manhattan dealer in autographs and manuscripts, contends that Writer Gertrude Stein's oblique prose style may be explained by the fact that compositors often misread her cryptic script. Poet William Butler Yeats often could not read his own work. Horace Greeley, the editor of the old New York *Tribune*, had a notoriously illegible scrawl. He once scribbled a note to a reporter telling him he was fired for incompetence; so indecipherable was the missive that for years afterward the man was able to pass it off as a letter of recommendation.

What dismays pen- and pencil-makers today is that woeful writing seems to be spreading. Particularly upsetting is the poor example being set by the White House. Among recent Presidents, Richard Nixon's script was barely legible, while John Kennedy's was so erratic that he seldom signed his own name the same way twice. Though Jimmy Carter's hand is clear, it seems almost juvenile when compared with the elegant, flowing scripts of early Chief Executives like George Washington and Thomas Jefferson.

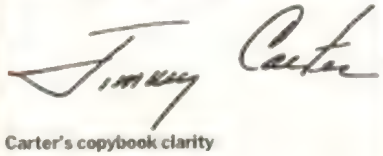
Among professionals, doctors continue to live up to their reputation as the worst scribblers. A study published in the American Medical Association's *Journal* reports that at one hospital 33% of all the physicians' notes were essentially illegible (general surgeons and urologists were the worst offenders; gynecologists and cardiac surgeons did somewhat better). *Pharmacy Times* magazine regularly reproduces particularly hopeless prescriptions.

Beyond the fact that much less communication is handwritten now than it



Kennedy's scribble

was in the days of the quill pen, experts point to several causes of scriptural sloppiness. Some blame a spreading weakness of will. Says Sam Toombs, a Houston psychologist: "Bad handwriting is a way of saying something and taking it back at the same time. People scrawl signatures on material for which they don't want to be held responsible." Others cite the hurried nature of modern society, in which speed is given a higher priority than clarity. Penmakers decry poor instruction: while courses in calligraphy are gaining in popularity among adults, schools have de-emphasized instruction in penmanship. Promoters of good script point out that at



Carter's copybook clarity

schools in Oregon, where italic handwriting is taught as a way to instill clarity, students not only develop superior penmanship but get higher-than-average grades all round.

No purist on penmanship, W.I.M.A.'s King admits to a feeling that script that is just a little sloppy may indicate "a more complex and exciting person." Nonetheless, W.I.M.A. recommends 17 steps toward more legible handwriting, including "Slow down. Sit properly. Watch out for tricky letters . . . a, e, t and r cause the most difficulty." And at the end of the list "Think of the person receiving what you write, and be merciful." ■

Hanging "10"

Black women began adopting it in the early 1970s: the venerable African custom of wearing hair woven into small, tight braids fastened at the ends with cowries, beads and sometimes feathers. But since blond Starlet Bo Derek turned up sporting the style in this season's hit film comedy *"10,"* women of all hues have been badgering hairdressers for what they call "the Bo look." It does not come cheap: a braiding job costs anywhere from $80 to $300, and it takes four to eight hours to finish. But once done, the hair can be shampooed daily and will stay intact for a month. Devotees praise the fashion as being "goddess-like," and "very Egyptian," but hairdressers warn that not every girl should get a Bo. Says Jim Thompson, a Florida stylist: "It might make a 9 into a 10, but it won't make a 3 into a 4."

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The Gardens of the Princes

In Washington, a landmark show of Persian miniatures

In hindsight, the glories of kings are apt to depend on the available talent. All the last Shah of Iran could rake up by way of a court artist was Andy Warhol. Four hundred years before, his predecessors were more fortunate. The first three-quarters of the 16th century in the courts of Persia formed one of the supreme periods in the history of art: a Middle Eastern equivalent, perhaps, of Florence between 1450 and 1500, or 16th century Venice, or Paris between 1880 and 1930. It was mainly in Tabriz, the capital of the Safavid dynasty, under the patronage of a succession of highly civilized Muslim shahs and princes, that the art of miniature painting was brought to a pitch of aesthetic and technical perfection that had not been imagined before, and has not been approached since.

Last month an exhibition of this work opened at the National Gallery in Washington (it moves to the Fogg Museum in Cambridge, Mass., in late March). There seems to be no reason to doubt the organizers' claim that it is "probably the greatest assemblage of 16th century Iranian painting seen together in 400 years." Under the curatorial hand of Art Historian Stuart Cary Welch, several works have been brought together. The centerpiece is the Houghton *Shahnama*, or Book of Kings, in itself a miniature museum of the work of the greatest court artists of Tabriz, those who were assembled under the rule of Shah Tahmasp. There are other major manuscripts too, including Nizami's *Quintet* (a cycle of five illustrated poems), along with a group of separate miniatures.

Few exhibitions have offered such extreme pleasures to the eye. Though the pleasures are taxing, because of a scale of detail so tiny that the museum supplies magnifying glasses, Christopher Marlowe's phrase, "Infinite riches in a little room," takes on a special meaning with these miniatures. They are the condensed products of an immense appetite for the world and its fruits, compressed into a few square inches of surface. They are also fresher than most European Renaissance paintings because they have been protected between the covers of books, so that the pigment has not faded through exposure to light. The one exception to this is the silver leaf that Safavid artists customarily used to represent water: it has tarnished, turning the garden fountains, the rivers and waterfalls to soot.

Detail from *Khusraw Listening to Barbad Playing the Lute*; below, *Rustam Sleeping*

A combination of utter vividness, precision of detail and fantasticated, rhythmical design breathes from nearly all the miniatures, but especially from the work of the Safavid court artist Sultan-Muhammad, for whom this show is in effect a retrospective. In one image of a legendary Persian hero, *Rustam Sleeping While Rakhsh Fights the Lion*, there is a dazzling play between abstraction and observation. A dozen kinds of flower and plant are faithfully recorded, petal by petal, while the rocks themselves take on the surging, crinkled look of brain coral, providing a dream landscape, almost subaqueous, in malachite green, pink and blue, woven together by the twisting trees. A tense springiness seems to run through every shape, visible in the arabesques of a bush no less than in the lashing tail of the lion or the trampling feet of the horse Rakhsh.

Pattern rules; it is extended everywhere. But unlike the more abstract coilings and loopings of Carolingian or Romanesque manuscript painting, it keeps returning the eye to the real world, if "real" is the correct term for this jeweled and infinitely elaborated ideal of nature.

In fact, there is practically no difference between culture and nature in these miniatures. Both are equally possessed, equally dominated. Witness the figures in Mirza-'Ali's miniature from the *Quintet* of Nizami, *Khusraw Listening to Barbad Playing the Lute;* the young prince and his lackeys have the same absolute and charmed formality as the room they sit in, with its green and blue and pink tiles, its delicate mural tracery and the mythical good-luck birds over the framing arch. The basic principle of these miniatures is always clear: it is that time in making commands time in looking. The idea that "major" art must be big art is utterly refuted; what counts is the amount of concentrated imagination and craft the pages contain. Each image is a trap, a condenser—time made visible.

Turned out by whole workshops of craftsmen working along with the master painter (each leaf could take months of labor), these miniatures may be the most selfish works of art ever created for a patron. They are mines of information about dress, manners and social ranking. But their point of view is so dauntingly one of absolute ownership that in studying them, one seems to be examining their world down the wrong end of a telescope. It is tiny, clear and unattainably remote—a place that no human ruler will ever enter again. — **Robert Hughes**

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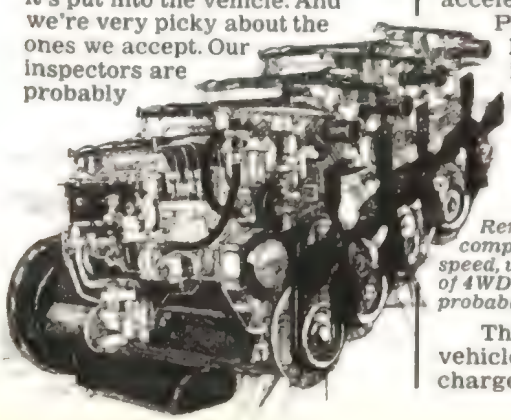

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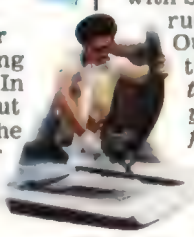

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Stoddard waiting to sail

Fox and Harris escaping from the world at the King's country residence

Lavin fighting for survival

Television

Affairs of Hearts and Minds

A superb Darwin, *a mediocre* Edward, *a fine* Dream

THE VOYAGE OF CHARLES DARWIN (PBS, Sundays, beginning Jan. 27.) Perhaps the hardest thing to capture on film is a mind at work, and scriptwriters usually resort to obvious devices: a composer tinkling tunes on the piano, a novelist tearing paper out of his typewriter or a scientist pouring foul-looking glop from one test tube into another. But revealing thought in action is exactly what the creators of this new BBC series have done, and the size of their achievement is indicated in the title. The mind they are portraying is that of Charles Darwin; the idea they are presenting is the evolution of life itself.

The series centers on Darwin's service as naturalist aboard the H.M.S. *Beagle*, which spent five years in the early 1830s charting and surveying the waters off the coasts of South America. It was the chief event of his life. Though he had little formal scientific training, the young man, played with athletic gusto by Malcolm Stoddard, had an "enlarged curiosity," as his uncle phrased it. Darwin's native skepticism turned the voyage into a fresh, vigorous inquiry into the nature of things, and the *Beagle* carried not only him but mankind into a new era of understanding.

The camera follows that inquiry, from his discovery of the fossils of extinct reptiles in Patagonia to his speculations on the origins of the ancient, giant turtles of the Galapagos Islands. Slowly, step by careful step, his theory of natural selection takes shape. As laid out with elegant precision by Writer Robert Reid, Darwin's thought process steadily builds suspense, even though the outcome has been known for 120 years. Nothing is as dramatic as the unfolding of an idea so important that it fundamentally alters the way man looks at himself and his world.

For PBS *Darwin* is a good start to the new year. Not the least of its virtues is that it gives viewers the innocent eyes of children—or explorers. It enables them to see the world as Darwin did, a place of delights and horrors, wonders and excitements. — ***Gerald Clarke***

EDWARD & MRS. SIMPSON (syndicated stations, Wednesdays, beginning Jan. 23.) Kings of England have been deposed, murdered and executed. One, poor George III, was even confined for madness. But until 1936 none had voluntarily renounced his throne. That dubious distinction was left to Edward VIII, who reigned for exactly 325 days and then gave up his crown for "the woman I love," a Baltimore divorcee by the name of Wallis Warfield Simpson.

Theirs has often been called the romance of the century, but they held the title only for want of contenders. In fact, according to this new British recounting, they were both dull and not a little dense. The plot they followed was perfect soap opera, but history should have asked for better actors to play the protagonists.

The producers of this six-part series should have done that at the very least. Rarely have two actors, Edward Fox and Cynthia Harris, looked so right and yet been so wrong for their parts. King Edward's charm was famous: Fox seems to think that that elusive quality can be conveyed by flashing his teeth, which he does with alarming regularity. Simpson was enormously attractive to many men; as Harris portrays her, even a dullard like this Edward would have had enough sense to pack her off to the Tower—or head for the door at first sight of her.

This production comes alive only when the title characters are offstage, when everyone around them is arguing about what to do. Through his arrogance, Edward threw his country into a constitutional crisis equivalent in magnitude to Watergate. How the British establishment covered it up, and then finally resolved it, is far more interesting than the tedious romance that caused it in the first place. — ***G.C.***

THE $5.20 AN HOUR DREAM (CBS, Jan. 26, 9 p.m. E.S.T.) Discrimination can be spelled many ways, but it usually measures out at only five letters: money. Those who suffer its effects almost always make less than those who do not, and the fight against bias will inevitably be won on the economic battlefield. That is what the women's movement has discovered, and that is what this tough and uncompromising TV movie is about.

Ellen Lissik (Linda Lavin) works in an engine factory. She is divorced, with a ne'er-do-well ex-husband who runs at the mention of child support for their twelve-year-old daughter. Like the women she works with, she does not look much beyond a good time Saturday night. But she does know one thing: she cannot make do on the $4.30 an hour she is now being paid. Ellen needs only 90¢ an hour more, the wages of an assembly-line worker at the factory. The trouble is that the line is for men only.

Everyone is against her. The men on the line are afraid that if she succeeds, other women will follow her and take their jobs. A supervisor hints delicately at the problem women have with "certain tensions at certain times." Other women attack her, and even her own daughter, embarrassed by taunts from the other kids, asks her to give up. Ellen persists, however, and Lavin makes the struggle of a simple woman more persuasive in its dramatic impact than a whole library of ideological tracts. — ***G.C.***

The Evergreen Liberal

William O. Douglas: 1898-1980

William Orville Douglas liked to say that he could easily do his job as a Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court in four days a week. That sounds arrogant, and Douglas was, but he was also brilliant, and he did not waste time making up his mind. The purpose of the U.S. Constitution, he stated with characteristic bluntness, "is to keep the Government off the backs of the people." Widely criticized for trying to impose his own liberal political views on the law, he often found himself in dissent during his nearly 37 years on the court, the longest term ever served by a Justice. Some saw him as a radical who threatened to wreck the system. He was in fact an evergreen liberal devoted to preserving the system by making it more humane. When he died last week at 81, he left a bold legacy of uncompromising devotion to the rights of individuals.

Pornographic movies, political protest, the Pentagon papers—in his view, they were all protected by the First Amendment. Dissenting in 1951 from the conviction of Communist Party leaders for advocating the overthrow of the Government, Douglas wrote: "Free speech—the glory of our system of Government—should not be sacrificed on anything less than plain and objective proof of danger that the evil advocated is imminent."

Douglas was suspicious of the coercive power of Government. He anticipated the *Miranda* decision of 1966 by arguing, usually in dissent, that the criminally accused should have immediate access to a lawyer and the right to remain silent after arrest. He voted against letting the state use evidence obtained by "unreasonable search and seizure." Privacy was almost an obsession with him; in 1973 he said he was "morally certain" that the court's conference room had been bugged. In a famous 1965 decision striking down a Connecticut law that banned the use of contraceptives, Douglas stated that whether or not one uses contraceptives is a private matter and that a right to privacy is implicit in the Constitution. No friend of the IRS, he consistently used the Bill of Rights to curtail the reach of the taxman by protecting private financial records from Government scrutiny.

By keeping the Government off the backs of the people, Douglas did not mean the people who run Big Business. He was a classic New Deal liberal. As chairman of the SEC from 1937 to 1939, he responded with a resounding "Hooey!" to stock-market leaders who insisted they could regulate themselves. Appointed to the Supreme Court in 1939 by President Franklin Roosevelt, Douglas brought with him a thorough knowledge of corporate finance that he later used to shape many little-known but far-reaching decisions affecting the Government's power to regulate the economy.

Douglas had a way of cutting straight through legalisms to tackle practical problems. In decisions like those in the desegregation and one-man, one-vote cases, Douglas and other liberal activists on the Warren court discarded limiting precedents and gave real meaning to the equal protection and due process clauses of the 14th Amendment. "He did not write for the law school professors," remarked one of his admiring clerks; law professors, in fact, scolded him for sloppiness and sometimes for indifference to law in drafting his opinions. Douglas was also criticized by his own colleague Justice Felix Frankfurter for disregarding the procedural boundaries on the court's power. In addition, Frankfurter was furious with Douglas, a potential vice-presidential candidate in 1944 and 1948, for continuing to hold political ambitions while he was serving on the court.

Douglas' fierce individuality and his support of the little man grew out of a boyhood of poverty in Yakima, Wash. To help support his family, he labored as a field hand alongside migrant workers; he climbed mountains to rebuild legs weakened by polio. It was on these hikes that Douglas developed a love for the wilderness that he would later celebrate with dozens of books on travel and wildlife. Throughout his career, he would flee the U.S. capital to return to the Western mountains or explore remote areas of the world from the high Himalayas to the Dead Sea.

But as a young man, his ambition to become a lawyer led him to New York City. In 1922, at 24, Douglas boarded a freight train to shepherd 2,000 sheep East. He graduated three years later from Columbia Law School and migrated downtown to a Wall Street law firm.

When Douglas was nominated to the Supreme Court after teaching at Columbia and Yale and running the SEC, his only opposition came from Senators who, astonishingly, thought he might be too conservative. Congress soon learned otherwise. Three times Congressmen wanted to impeach him: in 1953, when he temporarily stayed the executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg for giving the U.S.S.R. atom bomb secrets; in 1966, when the thrice-divorced Douglas, then 67, married Cathleen Heffernan, then 23, and was accused by Kansas Republican Robert Dole of using "bad judgment from a matrimonial standpoint"; and in 1970, when House Minority Leader Gerald Ford accused Douglas of accepting a salary from the Parvin Foundation, which was set up by a man with links to Las Vegas gambling.

None of the impeachment efforts got very far, or deserved to. But in the '70s Douglas grew increasingly isolated from his own colleagues on the court. "Bill Douglas is positively embarrassed if anyone on the court agrees with him," said one. Douglas was proud of his lonely stands. Said he: "I haven't been much of a proselytizer on the court. I've got the theory that the only soul I had to save was my own." In late 1974 a stroke confined him to a wheelchair. His colleagues delayed any case that Douglas could decide with a tie-breaking vote, but Douglas refused to leave the bench. He was determined, he told a friend, to stay on the court until a Democratic President was elected who could appoint his successor. But his pain became so unbearable that he could no longer sit through oral arguments, and in November 1975 he reluctantly retired.

That did not mean he stopped working. Remaining in Washington, D.C., he wrote his as yet unpublished memoirs, which may reveal some of the still untold workings of the high court. They may also expose his acerbic views of other Justices over the years. But then, a book that speaks freely and frankly would be a fitting Douglas legacy. ■

Justice Douglas in a pensive mood in 1967

A legacy of devotion to the rights of individuals.

U.S. newsmen turn back an Afghan demand for passports by turning on their cameras

That's No Way to Say Goodbye

American newsmen are booted from Iran and Afghanistan

First came an announcement from Iran's Revolutionary Council that U.S. journalists in the country must leave. Three days later in neighboring Afghanistan, the new Soviet-installed regime announced it would follow suit. By week's end the U.S. newsmen in both countries were being deported, and the American press faced the dismal prospect of covering the world's two most volatile stories from afar. Tales of two expulsions:

IRAN. In the 2½ months since the U.S. embassy takeover, the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini's government had ejected a handful of Western journalists, including TIME's Bruce van Voorst and Roland Flamini. Those who remained met relatively little hostility as they covered the daily anti-U.S. demonstrations in Tehran. But when the press rushed last month to cover unrest in the city of Tabriz, government officials were infuriated. Says Robert Semple, foreign editor of the New York *Times*: "It persuaded them that the U.S. press was a greater liability than benefit."

Word of the expulsion, which affected the remaining 86 American journalists in the estimated 300-member foreign press corps in Tehran, came early last week from Abol Ghassam Sadegh, Iran director general for the foreign press in the Ministry of National Guidance. He also forbade Iranian employees of U.S. news organizations to file dispatches, and warned that European newsmen too could be expelled for any "biased" reporting. The Americans, said Sadegh, "were out of touch with reality and "unfair to Iran and its revolution." He speculated that their departure might actually cool the hostage crisis by shifting press attention elsewhere. At least one senior Western diplomat agreed: "Perhaps, just perhaps, this might change the situation for the better."

One hint of that possibility came next day, on the first anniversary of the Shah's departure from Iran. As American journalists packed their typewriters and cameras, awaiting their flights home, surprisingly few Muslim militants turned out for a scheduled embassy protest. But some newsmen speculated that the expulsions might presage new moves involving the hostages, such as show trials. For now, what happens in Iran will have to be gleaned by the U.S. press in roundabout fashion: placing long-distance phone calls to Iranian officials and foreign diplomats in Tehran; making arrangements with the remaining Western reporters and TV crews; monitoring Iran radio and Pars, the country's national news agency. Still, says Dick Salant, NBC's vice chairman for news: "This is a major story and we should be there reporting it with our own people."

AFGHANISTAN. To many U.S. journalists, it seemed less surprising to be expelled from Soviet-occupied Afghanistan than to have been admitted at all. Eight days after Babrak Karmal was installed as the country's new President, the borders were reopened, and some 300 foreign journalists, half of them Western, were allowed in. Almost immediately there was tension. Photographers snapping pictures of Soviet troops found themselves detained, their film confiscated. One ABC news team tried to avoid interference by entering Afghanistan from Pakistan to film a guerrilla maneuver, only to find that the skirmishes occurred by night. So the newsmen turned on their battery-powered floodlights in the dark. That move attracted the Pakistan army, which rapidly escorted them back over the border.

After a Jan. 10 news conference in which President Karmal castigated the Western press, the Afghan welcome wore thinner. Two Italian TV newsmen were treated to a burst of semiautomatic rifle fire at their feet when they tried to film Soviet soldiers near the Salang Pass. A Kabul-based stringer for Germany's *Der Spiegel* had her car tires shot flat. TIME's David DeVoss, traveling with Dutch Photographer Hubert Van Es, was stopped by Soviets northwest of Kabul when Van Es tried to photograph some newly widened artillery pits. The pair was held in a snow-filled ditch and guarded by four Kalashnikov-toting Soviets.

Over the next two hours, captives and captors exchanged pleasantries in French, and the newsmen learned that the Soviets are quite delighted to be in Afghanistan. A middle-aged private showed off his thick, standard-issue felt boots. "They are for Siberia," he said proudly. A lieutenant ventured that Soviet soldiers prefer liquid warmth, and are glad to receive "100 grams of spirits a day." Throughout, the smiling Soviets never lowered the Kalashnikovs.

To follow the story, the newsmen bivouacked at the Kabul Inter-Continental Hotel, plying diplomats for information over *ashak* canapés (leek-stuffed pastry in a sour cream broth) and mutton, or drinking Czech pilsner beer in the hotel bar. Here one evening last week a sheepish employee announced that all American newsmen were to have their passports checked in the lobby by two Afghan policemen. Instead, the U.S. newsmen sallied forth with blazing floodlights and whirring film cameras. Terrified, the Afghan policemen fled. But the reprieve was short-lived. By 8 the next morning, armed Afghan police sealed off the hotel and placed the 20 or so Americans there under house arrest until they could be deported. Said Gul Ahmed Faried, Afghanistan's chief press censor and a journalism graduate of Columbia University: "U.S. journalism is bourgeois journalism. You don't write for the benefit of the masses."

U.S. news executives plan to cover Afghanistan in much the same way as Iran, using phone calls, interviews with refugees and covert assistance from remaining journalists. Says Jerry Loughran, foreign editor of the Associated Press: "It is a very unsatisfactory way of doing things." ■

Toward a Surreal Destiny

FIN-DE-SIÈCLE VIENNA: POLITICS AND CULTURE *by Carl E. Schorske*
Knopf; 378 pages; illustrated; $15.95

When Vienna was good it glittered, and when it turned bad it phosphoresced. This shimmer of decay, 80 years later, still lights up the contemporary terrain so pervasively that the city seems less a historical place than a state of mind. Psychoanalysis was born there, as well as atonal music, several schools of urban planning and modern Zionism. Vienna also spawned the brand of hooligan anti-Semitism that was admired, studied and perfected by an Austrian named Adolf Hitler. The powerful impulses sent out from turn-of-the-century Vienna have made it difficult to imagine the place as it actually was, to sense how and why people converged there in ways that would alter the world. In *Fin-de-Siècle Vienna*, Historian Carl E. Schorske gives the city back to itself. The book's seven related essays carefully reconstruct a Vienna of bricks and beliefs, a real place building toward a surreal destiny.

Politics and culture intersect somewhere in all societies, but in 19th century Vienna they positively embraced. That alone made the city unusual. The middle-class liberals who gained parliamentary control in the 1860s were ingenuously industrious and earnest.

Excerpt

"Beginning roughly in the 1860s, two generations of well-to-do children were reared in the museums, theaters and concert halls of the new Ringstrasse. They acquired aesthetic culture not, as their fathers did, as an ornament to life or as a badge of status, but as the air they breathed . . . The two children of the Wertheimsteins, one of Vienna's wealthiest intellectual society families, were privately tutored to be artists, and the 'artistic natures' of these melancholy neurotics were the subject of general appreciation. The great psychiatrist Theodor Meynert encouraged his son to a career in painting, his daughter tells us, 'as if all those talents and inclinations which, passed on for generations, germinated in [the] father . . . now broke through energetically in the son.' The great pathologist Carl von Rokitansky had his paternal dreams of glory fulfilled when he could boast of his four sons that they were divided in their careers between singing and medicine: 'Two howl and two heal.'"

Gustav Klimt's *Judith and Holofernes*

Schorske describes their self-assigned mission: "The principles and programs which made up the liberal creed were designed to supersede systematically those of 'the feudals,' as the aristocrats were pejoratively called. Constitutional monarchy would replace aristocratic absolutism . . . Science would replace religion. Those of German nationality would serve as tutor and teacher to bring up the subject peoples, rather than keep them ignorant bondsmen as the feudals had done." Unlike their counterparts in Victorian England, though, these reformers were not grim. They were as bewitched as the rest of the world by Viennese high culture, the sheer sensuous pleasures of concert hall and opera house. They became crusading dilettantes, promising themselves a secular paradise, "Strong Through Law and Peace" and "Embellished Through Art."

They transformed the band of undeveloped land that had once fortified the medieval city into the Ringstrasse, a sweeping monument to reason and prosperity. Museums and apartment houses

Oskar Kokoschka's *Self-Portrait*

Painting of Sigmund Freud from the 1920s

Launching an epic journey into the self.

went up in profusion, stony rebukes to the older aristocratic arrogance of church and palace. Lacking a past of their own, the bourgeois builders raided history for architectural façades. Critics arose to deride this use of art to disguise true functions. Something else about this vast project seems to have escaped notice: in its broad circularity, the Ringstrasse led nowhere.

The rational ideal had scarcely been erected before dismantling began. Schorske describes this process as both a siege and a mutiny. Disaffected peasants, artisans and Slavs, among others, began massing politically, demanding certainties and absolutes. Taking to the streets, they cared nothing for the hallowed liberal creed: "*Wissen macht frei*" (Knowledge makes us free). Poet Hugo

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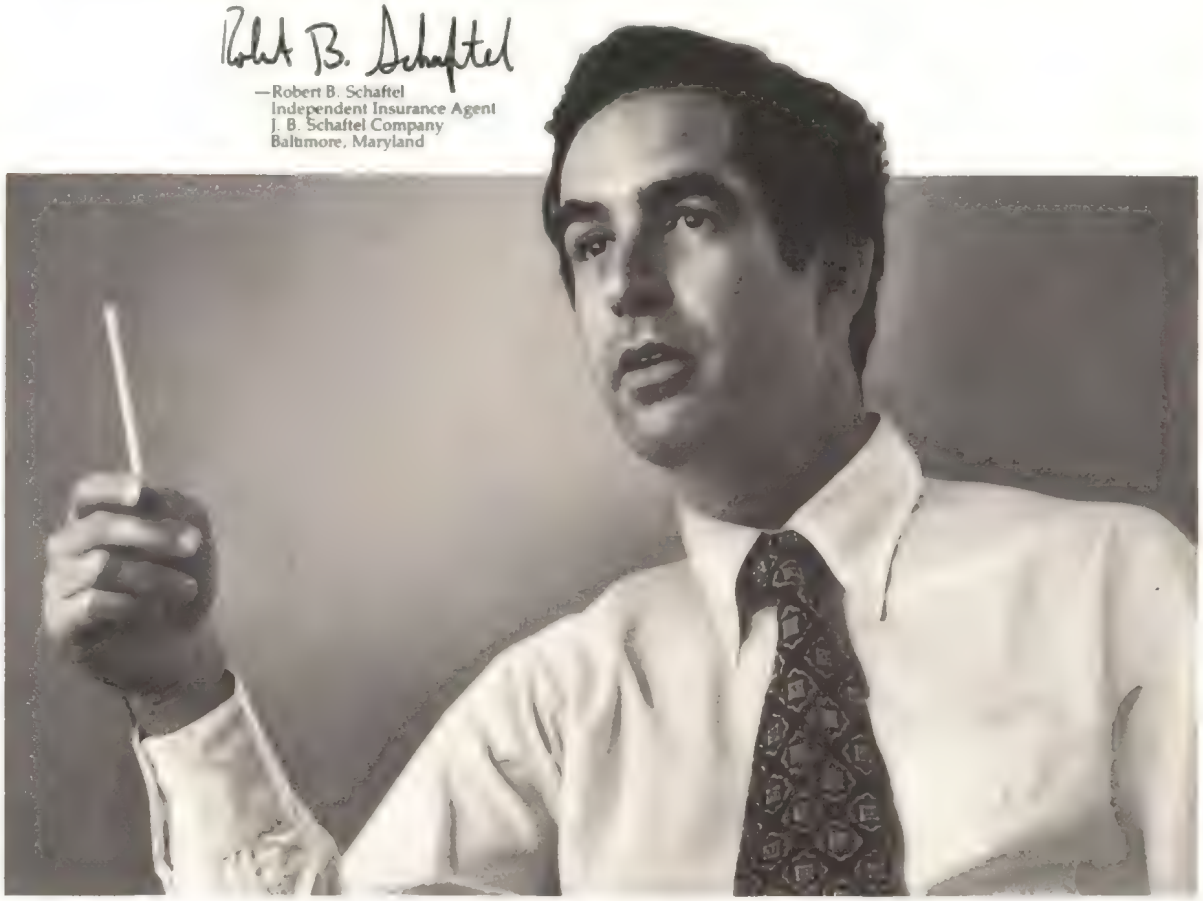

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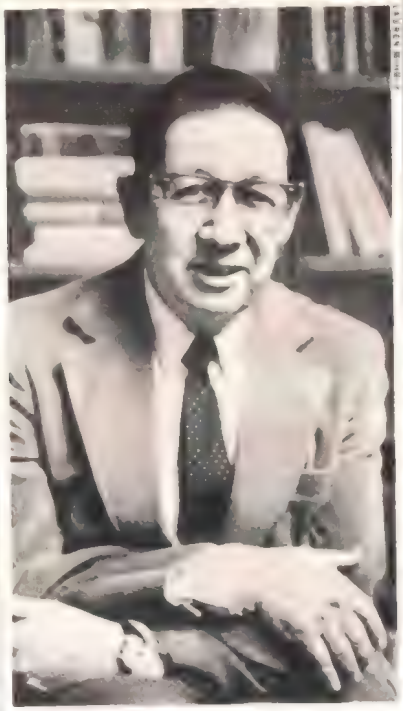

Carl E. Schorske

Giving a city back to itself.

von Hofmannsthal saw what was happening: "Politics is magic. He who knows how to summon the forces from the deep, him will they follow." All too soon *Wissen macht frei* was degraded into the cruelly deceptive slogan of Nazi death camps: *Arbeit* [work] *macht frei*.

Threats from without the liberal camp prompted a collective breakdown within. Reason was not working, the center could not hold. Art now seemed a temple of refuge, an increasingly rarefied place to escape ugly reality. But the best young artists worked not to comfort or distract but to disturb. Gustav Klimt appalled older liberals with painting that celebrated naked Eros. Oskar Kokoschka, a bit later, produced portraits with the visual impact of grenades. Sigmund Freud watched this symbolic annihilation of fathers by sons, and was reminded of Oedipus

Freud could conceivably have launched his epic journey into the self from anywhere, but Schorske demonstrates what a perfect laboratory Vienna was for his researches. The society's rapid disintegration forced Freud and other intellectuals to search for explanations of chaos. "Was it," Schorske writes, "because the individuals ... contained in their own psyches some characteristics fundamentally incompatible with the social whole? Or was it the whole as such that distorted, paralyzed and destroyed the individuals who composed it? Or again, was there perhaps never a rhythmic social whole at all, only an illusion of unified movement resulting from an accidental articulation of fundamentally incohesive, individuated parts?" Increasingly, Freud came to suspect that the demons tearing Vienna apart resided deep within her defenders as well as her enemies.

The father of psychoanalysis did more than observe Vienna; he suffered it too. Schorske argues that *The Interpretation of Dreams*, written during the 1890s, was in part Freud's apologia to himself for having failed in the public sphere; the book was also his subtle, perhaps unconscious revenge on a city that continued to deny him the professorship he deserved. In his dreams Freud first reduced all political activity to a struggle with the father and then conjured up a triumph over his own. He gave, Schorske writes, "his fellow liberals an a-historical theory of man and society that could make bearable a political world spun out of orbit and beyond control."

Schorske's choreography for the descent from Vienna waltz to *danse macabre* is masterly. To capture the city's diversity and fragmentation, he has drawn on art history, urban theory, literary criticism, psychoanalysis and political science. Given the specialization that reigns in academe (Schorske teaches history at Princeton), such breadth of learning is doubly impressive. Better still, the author never strains after the easy relevance or trite generalization that so often spices up popular histories. His Vienna retains its integrity as a unique place in a special time. In the end, though, his book is admonitory. Vienna's ideal of a peaceful and just society is no less valuable for having failed. Even in its fragility, the vision yielded up genius. — *Paul Gray*

Laid-Back Camaraderie

A COUPLE OF COMEDIANS
by Don Carpenter
Simon & Schuster; 220 pages; $9.95

In *A Couple of Comedians*, Narrator David Ogilvie—gagman of the title team—makes a list, in descending order of status, of the Los Angeles hotels favored by showfolk. He does it perfectly, beginning with the Bel-Air, ending with the Montecito. This may seem a small felicity, but it is precisely the sort of thing that writers of parboiled Hollywood *romans à clef* usually get wrong or skip altogether in their haste to get to the casting couch and the boudoir.

Verisimilitude is only one of several virtues of Don Carpenter's shrewd and tightly written novel. *Comedians* contains just one star other than its central comics, and she is only a walk-on. It needs no more. The cast is perfect, and the comedy unfailingly original. There are no libidinous or abusive producers, no hysterically egomaniac directors, not even

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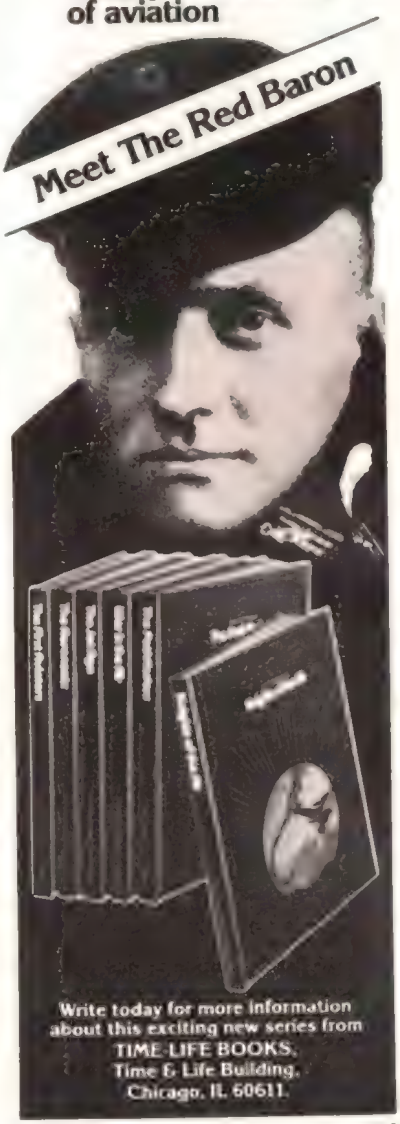

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Mel Brooks

EXCERPTED FROM THE WASHINGTON POST

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Good as Gold. It has been praised as "more perceptive about human nature than anything else Heller has done... he is among the novelists of the last two decades who matter."

THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

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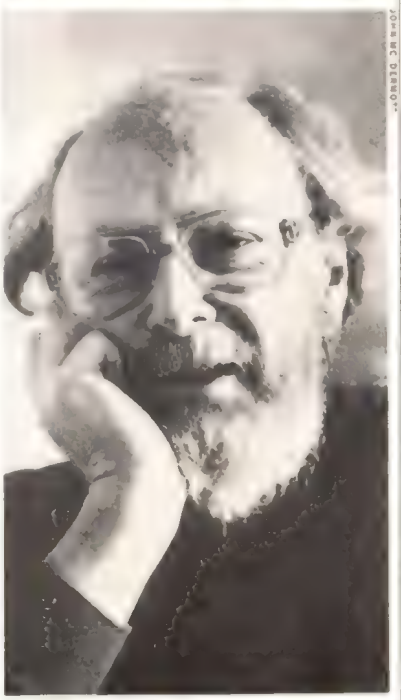
Books

a failed novelist making a rich, bitter livelihood by writing for the screen. The author has been a novelist (*Hard Rain Falling, The True Life Story of Jody McKeegan*); he has also been a movie and TV working stiff, and what he is offering here is an accurate, lightly ironic record of the laid-back camaraderie animating the movie business.

This does not mean that Ogilvie's account of how his straight man, Jim Larson, goes slightly bananas in the course of finishing a movie is a mere fever chart. The journey of another kind of odd couple dramatizes, poignantly and wittily, Elizabeth Hardwick's observation that performers tend to lead their lives "gregariously and without affections." There are lots of gorgeous scenes, including an incident of status panic in Schwab's drugstore with a lunchtime crowd of actors desperately vying with one another for the attention of a powerful producer, and a party where a White House staffer learns how power politics works when it leaves D.C. for L.A. Carpenter does these set pieces so well that he sometimes forgets to nail down Larson's character firmly enough.

But there may be art in these ellipses. Performers of Larson's type are often only shadows of the carefully tailored selves they project to the public. In private, filling the empty days between engagements, they try to find an intensity to match that of their onstage moments. There is a sweet emptiness about them, a vacancy that leaves by-



Don Carpenter

"This is love . . . the hell with the rest."

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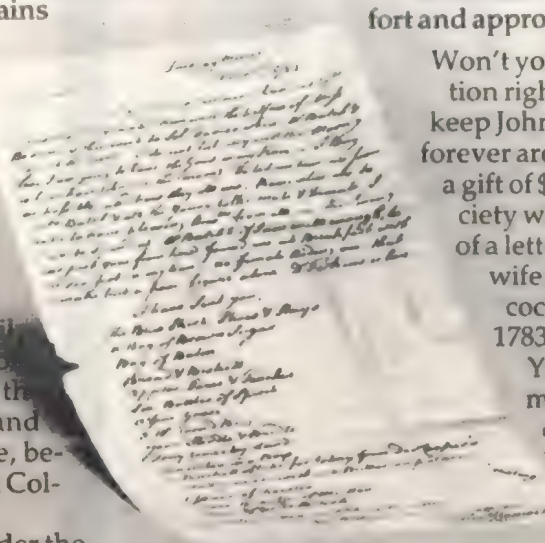

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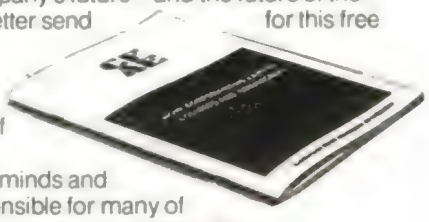

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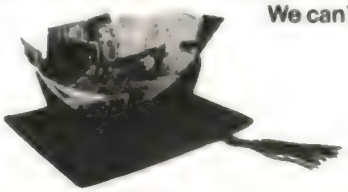

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standers fecklessly trying to connect the dots of their personalities.

Ogilvie speaks for such stars when, finally, the team steps onstage in Vegas to a mélange of light and laughter: "This is love, my friends, and the hell with the rest." Novelist Carpenter knows better; the comedians' implicit longing for normality and humanity proves that. But Carpenter also knows that the simulacrum of love with which his comics are rewarded is more than most people, leading their *ad hoc*, late 20th century lives, ever get. There is bite here, but no bitterness. The overall, and lasting, effect makes *A Couple of Comedians* an unusually literate and oddly touching novel about performers going through the sound stages of life. — ***Richard Schickel***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Married Man, *Piers Paul Read* • Old Love, *Isaac Bashevis Singer* • On the Edge of the Cliff, *V.S. Pritchett* • Shikasta, *Doris Lessing* • Smiley's People, *John le Carré* • The Executioner's Song, *Norman Mailer* • The Ghost Writer, *Philip Roth*

NONFICTION: Charmed Lives, *Michael Korda* • Show People, *Kenneth Tynan* • The Duke of Deception, *Geoffrey Wolff* • The Falcon and the Snowman, *Robert Lindsey* • The Right Stuff, *Tom Wolfe* • The Russian Empire, *Chloe Obolensky* White House Years, *Henry Kissinger*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Smiley's People, *Le Carré (2 last week)*
2. Jailbird, *Vonnegut (1)*
3. Triple, *Follett (4)*
4. The Last Enchantment, *Stewart (7)*
5. Memories of Another Day, *Robbins (3)*
6. The Executioner's Song, *Mailer (6)*
7. The Establishment, *Fast (5)*
8. Portraits, *Freeman (10)*
9. Top of the Hill, *Shaw (9)*
10. The Dead Zone, *King*

NONFICTION

1. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong (1)*
2. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (2)*
3. White House Years, *Kissinger (3)*
4. James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Herriot (4)*
5. Cruel Shoes, *Martin (5)*
6. Serpentine, *Thompson (6)*
7. The Right Stuff, *Wolfe (7)*
8. The Americans, *Cooke (10)*
9. On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, *Wright (8)*
10. Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient, *Cousins*

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Theater

Sunny Kooks

TABLE SETTINGS *by James Lapine*

The wacky family comedy has proved a durable delight in the U.S. theater. Among the more notable items on that roster: *You Can't Take It with You, The Royal Family* (about the Barrymores), *The Impossible Years* and the long-running Broadway hit *Gemini*. A play like *The Man Who Came to Dinner* is very closely related to this genre. What links them all together is a zany brand of eccentricity, an inebriation of the mind and spirit rather than the body.

Table Settings is a modest but thoroughly engaging entry in this category of the lovable kooks *en famille*. All the action takes place around dinner tables. While the characters do relatively little eating, they sure do spill the beans. The basic ethnic unit and the flavor of the humor are New York Jewish. The play is being presented at Manhattan's off-Broadway Playwrights Horizons Theater.

The clan is tri-generational. Mother (Frances Chaney) is a widow who was born in Minsk. To her the past is a golden pillar of stability, while the present is a baffling disarray of odd behavior. What mutational deviation of personality can possibly prevent her broodlings from devouring their food when she orders them to charge with drawn forks?

MARTHA SWOPE

Spiner and Gurry in *Table Settings*

Spilled beans from Minsk to Manhattan.

"Money Is Freedom" seems to have been engraved on the family crest in Minsk. The older son (Brent Spiner), a lawyer, is making a boodle. He is also spending rather freely on double martinis in rapid sequence, and he smokes in chains. He later switches to jogging, a decision of grave dubiety. What he cannot seem to do is get his nose out of a book or newspaper to pay some loving concern to his Gentile wife (Chris Weatherhead) or provide some fatherly guidance to their two children. This pair, a nine-year-old boy (Eric Gurry) and his 13-year-old sister (Marta Kober) are quintessential snots with IQs high enough to float off the charts. Two more tasty noodles are dropped into this comedic chicken broth. The lawyer's younger brother (Mark Blum) is an unemployment fetishist with a yen for pot, coke and sex. His girlfriend (Carolyn Hurlburt) does mental-rehabilitation work and seems to be in desperate need of it herself.

Playwright Lapine writes amusing lines. At one point the mother asks the younger son why he doesn't get a job. An immigrant matriarch, her next question is pencil-point sharp: "Why did you go to college?" His riposte: "To avoid being asked questions like this after high school." One of the distinctly appealing aspects of *Table Settings* is its benign amiability. Even when Lapine's characters verge on cartoons, he presents them as endearingly human in their follies, desires and genetically nutty ways. His direction of his own play is brisk, and his cast is close to flawless. A special huzzah should be raised to the two kids, who manage the rare stage feat of being obnoxious and adorable at the same time. — ***T.E. Kalem***

Milestones

MARRIED. Steve McQueen, 49, tough-guy actor; and **Barbara Minty,** 26, a model; he for the third time; in Santa Paula, Calif.

DIED. Robert Ardrey, 71, dramatist and self-trained anthropologist whose works on man's origins and behavior, among them *African Genesis* (1961) and *The Territorial Imperative* (1966) promoted popular interest in the once-obscure field that he made his specialty; of lung cancer; in Kalk Bay, South Africa, where he had lived since 1978. Many of the plays (*Thunder Rock, Shadow of Heroes*) and movie scripts (*Madame Bovary, Khartoum*) that the Chicago-born Ardrey wrote, beginning in the 1930s, showed the fascination with man's roots that later led him into anthropology. It was his notion that man is a "risen ape" whose drive to acquire power, defend territory and make war is inherited, rather than a learned response. This idea, like others Ardrey embraced, stirred wide controversy among scholars and laymen—which, in a way, was his purpose.

DIED. Sir Cecil Beaton, 76, English photographer, designer and arbiter of elegance; of a heart attack; in Broad Chalke, England. A tall, epicene dandy whose sartorial trademarks were silk scarves and broad-brimmed hats, Beaton was best known professionally for his portraits of the British royal family and the dazzling costumes and sets he created for operas, ballets, Broadway (*My Fair Lady, Coco*) and films (*Gigi*). Offstage he was celebrated for his frolics with the famous, including a 1940s dalliance with Greta Garbo. (Said she: "He was the only man I ever allowed to touch my vertebrae.") What he did live by passionately was his dictum: "Perhaps the world's second worst crime is boredom; the first is being a bore."

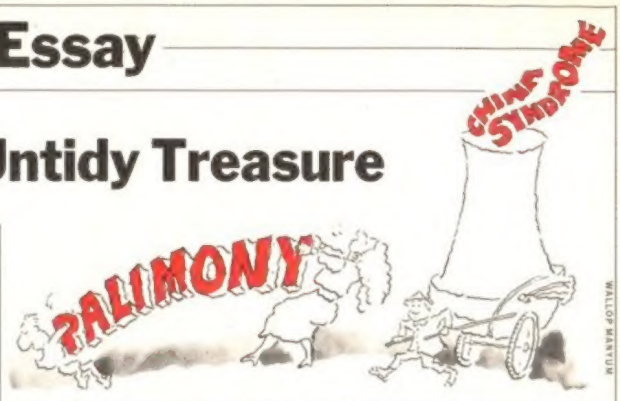
DIED. Andre Kostelanetz, 78, Russian-born maestro who dedicated 50 years to popularizing orchestral music in America and American music in the world; of a heart attack; while vacationing in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Though Kostelanetz fled war-ravaged Petrograd, where he had conducted opera, for New York City in 1922, his U.S. career did not bloom until eight years later when he was hired to lead the CBS symphony orchestra on radio's *Chesterfield Hour*. After making the program a hit, he added to his celebrity by marrying Opera Diva Lily Pons in 1938 (they divorced in 1958) and by cutting more than 200 discs with Columbia (lifetime record sales: 52 million). He commissioned works by Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson and other Americans that became repertory standards. And while he would outrage purists by making a medley of a Tchaikovsky movement and a pop tune, "Kosty" had his reasons: "Criticism is upsetting, but if what I do expands the meaning of music in terms of attendance, that's all that really matters."

DIED. Finn Ronne, 80, American polar explorer; of a heart attack; in Bethesda, Md. The son of a Norwegian sailmaker who had gone to Antarctica with Roald Amundsen and Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Ronne joined Byrd's 1933 expedition there as a radio operator and dogsled driver. Over the next 25 years, he returned to the South Pole eight times (thrice with his wife Edith, one of the first women to make the trip). On a 15-month trek in 1946-48, he disproved the notion that the continent was divided in two, and finished charting the Weddell Sea coast, the earth's last unsurveyed shore.

DIED. William O. Douglas, 81, former Supreme Court champion of individual rights; of kidney and respiratory troubles; in Washington, D.C. (*see* LAW).

Time Essay

'80s-Babble: Untidy Treasure



The rich have always liked to assume the costumes of the poor. Take the American language. It is more than a million words wide, and new terms are constantly added to its infinite variety. Yet as the decade starts, the U.S. vocabulary seems to have shrunk to child size.

Those who thought that song lyrics had reached Rock bottom can still hear the refrain of that disco hit: YMCA . . . YMCA . . . YMCA. The Unicorn Hunters, a society of zealous word watchers based at Lake Superior State College in Michigan, offer a list of current English scourges. Among them: "ballpark figure," "preboarding—how can you board a plane before you board it?" and "no problem." Even insult has lost its point: "I couldn't care less" has degenerated to the meaningless "I could care less." Greetings are equally vapid: telephone operators now routinely use '80s-babble, chirping, "Have a nice day," the moral equivalent of the smile button. *Kramer vs. Kramer* is advertised as a film that is "absolutely today." Nouns continue to be overrun by the jargonaut: the New York *Times* demands stronger sourcing, meetings are preambled, situations are impacted. The New York *Post* recently managed a dazzling double play with its offering: "Stunt man extraordinaire Hal Needham will helm the film, which will also (hopefully) include Roger Moore."

The air is thick with devalued buzz words, including "buzz words." Behavioral science, always a leader in the euphemism derby, has cut some gems and polished some others: psychologists persistently refer to unresponsive women as "pre-orgasmic," and Masters and Johnson call foreplay a "stimulative approach opportunity," perhaps the most effective sexual turnoff since saltpeter. Therapists speak of "actualizing," to mean the fulfillment of potential. "I hear you" has descended from the aural to the banal; it means a total understanding of the speaker's temperament. "Lifing" is the effort to derive the utmost from every day; "Who are you screaming with?" a glancing allusion to primal therapy, is now a query about any psychological aid the subject is seeking.

According to Joel Homer, who chronicles such excrescences in his forthcoming book, *Jargon*, these terms can fall into the category of "nonverbal verbalizing . . . a speech system in which words are used more as images than conceptual symbols." Nonverbal verbalizing (itself an outstanding piece of jargon) flourishes best in its home, Washington, D.C. There, after the Three Mile Island accident gave more mileage to the term, "China Syndrome," Joseph Hendrie, then chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, concluded: "It would be prudent to consider expeditiously the provision of instrumentation that would provide an unambiguous indication of the level of fluid in the reactor vessel." Translation: we need more accurate measuring devices. A company vice president dismissed the incident as an exaggeration. What had happened, he said, was "a normal aberration." In the same spirit, federal antitrust lawyers refer to "conscious parallelism"—first cousin to price fixing.

In sport, the old sol of solecism, Howard Cosell, finds his work done better by others. A San Francisco Giants star: "With today's victory we are definitely in the momentum-going bracket." Minnesota Twins Pitcher Jerry Koosman: "When the communications gap breaks down, it leads to not knowing the facts any more."

The gap breakdown can be seen in signs on office building doors: EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY—NOT TO BE USED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. It can be read in bank offerings of free gifts and in the Indiana advertisement: LAFAYETTE'S MOST UNIQUE RESTAURANT IS NOW EVEN MORE UNIQUE.

Throughout the nation the ize have it. An article in *Cue* magazine informs readers how they can have their wrinkles "youthfulized." In Florida a cop, asked whether a perpetrator had become hostile when apprehended, tells a TV interviewer that the man "was already hostilized." And Treasury Secretary G. William Miller thought that Americans were not conserving gasoline because they were "not sufficiently incentivized."

NBC Commentator Edwin Newman *(A Civil Tongue)*, who keeps track of videosyncrasies, noted the ABC assurance that every night it would cover Iran "as long as the crisis remains critical" and that CBS urged viewers to "choose the candidate of your choice." Even computers have learned to commit verbal sins. In *The State of the Language*, Critic Hugh Kenner attacks such programmer tongues as FORTRAN, in which "vocabulary is 'a set of objects' [and] sentences are 'linear strings.' "

Such dark pronunciamentos draw the future in bleak and white. We are, after all, only four years away from George Orwell's *1984*, with its ominous slogans and Newspeak: "Doubleplusungood refs unpersons rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling . . . WAR IS PEACE, FREEDOM IS SLAVERY, IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH." Yet that volume also offers an unmarked exit: *1984* imagines a time when "every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly *one* word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten."

That seems precisely the opposite of what is occurring in American speech. Even severe grammarians note the constant refreshment of terms. In the past decade Americans have exhausted uptight and far out, situationwise and the bottom line, charisma and stonewalling, nano-nano and dy-no-mite, Koreagate and may the force be with you. Who knows whether current terms have a chance to last the decade—or even the year? Palimony, the term for sharing money after an unmarried couple have split, survives the Lee Marvin case; good buddy and 10-4 have become as much a part of the lingo as CB. Petrodollars and multinationals have set down roots; gasohol and meltdowns are not likely to flee from the headlines. But "humongous," the adolescent synonym for large, will never grow up; designer jeans may not last until next Christmas, and quadrophonic and shuttle diplomacy have already gone. Will such references to bosses as ayatullah and imam be as short-lived as Head Honcho and Big Enchilada?

These oscillations, like words themselves, are subject to interpretation. Pessimists regard constant change as further evidence of national decline and fall. Neologisms and ungrammatical usage, they argue, are not, as defenders claim, "alternate modes of communicating" any more than kicking over the board is an alternate mode of playing backgammon. But their critique is hardly a signal for despair—for how else can we complain so richly except with that very speech?

In fact, since its beginning, our native tongue has been maligned and mauled, invaded by foreigners and abused at home. No one has ever succeeded in making it uniform, and no one ever will. But then, as Henry Thoreau observed more than a century ago, "Where shall we look for standard English but to the words of a standard man?" As the '80s begin, Americans and their vernacular can be put down as fractious, infuriating, untidy, overbearing, cacophonous—but never as standard. The U.S. vocabulary may be dressed in blue jeans and work shirts, yet it cannot disguise one of the country's truest and most unassailable treasures: the American language. — ***Stefan Kanfer***

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DEWAR'S® PROFILE

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BILL BROWN

BORN: Lebanon, Ohio, 1927
HOME: Blue Chip Farms, Wallkill, N.Y.
PROFESSION: General Manager of one of the most highly regarded horse-breeding farms in the world.
TRACK RECORD: Offspring of the stallions on farms managed by Mr. Brown have earned well over $100 million in purses. His greatest champion produced a crop of 2- and 3-year olds which won, in 1978, more purses than any comparable crop by any stallion of any breed in the history of horse racing.
HORSE SENSE: "I'm a believer in conformation; in the build and proportions of a horse. A solid family history of early speed and soundness is important—and more so on the mare's side than many breeders will admit—but generally a good horse just plain *looks* like a good horse."
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William A. Brown

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